

FEBRUARY

# THE GRAIL



# The Grail

Volume 31, No. 2

FEBRUARY, 1949

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# BETWEEN THE LINES

*H. C. McGinnis*

## OUR THREATENED CIVILIZATION

**C**ERTAIN forces within modern civilization may cause it to crash much sooner than most people think. While these destructive forces are moving relentlessly ahead through their own momentum, another world war will give them a blinding speed. Social chaos will ensue, a chaos so great that we may find it next to impossible to pull out of it. The chaos in Europe's social structure which followed World War II, and is still so plainly in evidence, would undoubtedly spread to every civilized country should World War III occur before we are able to administer to our ailing society the remedy it so badly needs.

The internal forces which threaten to disintegrate society are several. For example, the decline in morals. Secularism's advances constitute another. However, as one analyzes these various forces he usually finds that each is interlocked with almost all the others. It seems reasonable, though, that one of them should be the primary one, with the others stemming from it. But trying to ascertain which one is the deepest underlying is like trying to determine whether the hen or the egg came first. For instance, does today's amorality stem principally from secularism or is secular-

ism a corollary of amorality?

We shall discuss one of these forces. It is the one which social scientists call cultural or social lags. While it may not rightfully wear the crown as being the most primary of our modern social ills, it undeniably comes so close to that right that it may well claim it.

The social lags from which we suffer mean simply that our social progress has been outstripped by industrial and technological advances. The increase in this lag's depth has been accompanied by departures from the formerly held concept, not only of society and its purposes, but also of man's nature and the purposes of his existence.

As our cultural lag became greater, modern society began to replace the Holy Trinity with a new trinity—rugged individualism, unlimited free competition, and profit-above-all. As our society hastened to worship the new trinity, it more and more lost sight of human values and began instead to worship material ones. There are causes for this erroneous change. The blame can be laid at the door of Industrialism and that financial capitalism which we know as high finance. These two forces, which have now become practically two aspects of one force, have promulgated a new

religion whose pronouncements have been accepted by many as basic truths.

As a result, we have entered deeply into the worship of materialism and have bent society's progress to fit a materialistic pattern. Unfortunately for the whole of society, this materialism is allied with Liberalism, sometimes known as laissez-faire or rugged Individualism, with the result that society now serves a Materialism whose benefits exist only at the top. We have too few "haves" and far too many "have nots". It is this condition which has caused today's society to so closely resemble a volcano about to explode into action. A fair idea of this condition is gained by looking at today's Europe.

It would certainly seem odd to a visitor from Mars to see our society ready to blow itself into tiny fragments largely because the multitudes are in revolt against the pattern produced by Industrialism. Our Martian visitor would have great difficulty trying to understand why in today's world so many millions of people lack the minimum necessities for a normal livelihood. For it is extremely evident that we have the machines to produce a most abundant living for all and, if it be a pleasing thought, with a minimum

of physical effort. Had we bent our industrial and technological progress to the enhancement of human dignity and the preservation of human values, modern society would now be living in something close to Utopia. Instead we have the multitudinous social evils which result from economic insufficiency and substandard living conditions.

In its early days Industrialism promised that before long it would definitely make the good life possible. To many it seemed that within a century at the most the more abundant life would become a widespread certainty. But it took only a few decades for the world's multitudes to realize that Industrialism's fruits were not to be enjoyed by the many. One aspect of the new unholy trinity was rugged Individualism, which the common people had been beguiled into accepting as one of the necessary foundations for this new longed-for industrial progress. Actually it meant that industry's captains would toss away their social sense and would henceforth look out only for their own best interests.

Since uncontrolled free competition had been sold to society's rank and file as one of the cornerstones of the new age, for utopian progress it was said could result only from the ultimate in competitive enterprise, the scene soon became one in which the captains of production and of finance competed ruthlessly against the workers and their families. Since profit-above-all was the third member of the new trinity, there was no logical reason why the leaders of industry and of big finance should not seek profit through scarcity in production when they discovered that satisfactory profits could be made that way.

Huge monopolies were created, for through monopoly production can be curtailed so that the supply available to consumer will be restricted and hence higher prices result. Today's producers have convinced themselves that they would rather have several hundred percent profit on fewer items than a low profit percentage on many. The result is that the many things which

Industrialism and modern technology should make available for better living are enjoyed by a relative few, with that few becoming constantly less. Industrialism has not kept its promises.

As the members of modern society struggled to get ahead of their fellows through highly individualistic efforts, and engaged in an *uncontrolled free competition* until it became simply a ruthless predatory practice, and as the gaining of profits became society's new goal, there was a very serious ignoring of society's cultural and social progress. Under the religion of the new trinity, it was felt that man's cultural and social progress could very well take care of themselves should the individual make for himself sufficient money. Money could buy everything.

It is true that we now live in a society in which industrial production has beggared even the wildest dreams of the dreamers of a century ago. Our technological progress has made a new world possible. Since economic sufficiency is one of the main stays of human contentment, one would expect that by now Industrialism and technology would have made today's world the happiest place imaginable. Instead today's society resembles one huge wolfpack in which the individual pack members, baffled to the point of empty stomachs in their predatory search, turn upon their fellow members to rend them apart relentlessly.

While it is true that we may brag of great industrial production and of equally great scientific achievements, we have neglected to the point of shameful neglect the attention necessary to man's cultural and social progress. Although modern industrial production could produce for man an almost total freedom from economic insufficiency, we have vast amounts of poverty and dependency, a fact well proved by the ever increasing demand for various forms of public aid. Alongside this economic insufficiency, and largely stemming from it, we have history's all-time high in crime and juvenile delinquency. As another corollary we have one of the most disgraceful

housing situations ever faced by a nation. In spite of our great advances in wealth-production, our nation has millions of people who are not getting even the essentials of the medical treatment they need in order to enjoy good health. Even most of the requirements of reasonably good health are handled on the profit basis; and when a sufferer has no money there are no profits to be made from him, consequently he rarely receives the attention he should.

Among our main social problems we find in our nation a high rate of illiteracy which contrasts hideously with our advances along industrial and scientific lines. Because of the above social evils and the constant pressure they exert upon so many, we now find that the nation's mental illnesses are beginning to outstrip physical ones. In other words, society's multitudes are getting ready to blow their tops, both figuratively and literally. The number of suicides is increasing mightily. Whereas in the past one found relatively few suicides until after the age 21, today this mortal sin extends down below teen age children.

Because of our failure to have our social progress keep pace with our materialistic progress, with rugged Individualism prohibiting the practice of distributive justice, we find an ever increasing family disorganization and disintegration. Today our divorce rate is increasing faster than our marriage rate. Worse yet, unless social statisticians are entirely wrong and they rarely are in such matters, another 50 years will see us at the peak of our population; for it is estimated that before the year 2000 our population will have started to decline. Obviously high divorce rates, family disorganization, and poor family adjustments, to say nothing of juvenile delinquency and sometimes adult crime, are all interlocked with poverty, various levels of dependency, poor housing, and the many other situations which should never exist at all in a society which has the ability to produce wealth as modern society has. (Continued on page 58)



# OUR LADY OF FATIMA

## HOPE OF THE WORLD

STEPHEN ORAZE

Part X

BALTIMORE ARCHDIOCESE AND PITTSBURGH DIOCESE

The "Pilgrim Virgin" completed the first year of its travels throughout the United States on December 8, 1948. Interest in this beautiful image of Our Lady of Fatima has increased instead of fading with the passing of time. Everywhere, the famous statue continues to draw tremendous crowds of people, all anxious to hear about the "peace plan from Heaven" given by the Mother of God to three little shepherd children at Fatima, Portugal in 1917.

Perhaps as you read this eye-witness account of the pilgrimage you will join your prayers with the hundreds of thousands of souls, who, having knelt at the feet of Our Lady's image, are now fulfilling her requests for reparation, the Rosary, the Five First Saturdays, and consecration to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Our Lady has promised that when enough people are doing what she asks, then Russia will be converted and there will be world peace.

Permission is given to all newspapers and magazines and to our readers to reprint this article in whole or in part as a means of spreading the all-important message of Fatima.

**S**HORTLY after the "Pilgrim Virgin" entered the United States in 1947, Most Rev. Francis P. Keough, Archbishop of Baltimore, asked that it visit his archdiocese. Nearly a year passed before this request could be handled, but His Excellency, together with the officials of the primal see of this country, agreed that the results were well worth the wait.

Arriving from New Jersey, the famous statue was welcomed by Archbishop Keough at the Basilica of the Assumption in Baltimore, Maryland, Wednesday evening, December 1st. After the crowning ceremony, the Archbishop extended to this distinguished guest a warm and hearty welcome. The following night, Most Rev. Lawrence J. Shehan, Auxiliary Bishop, added his greetings as the famed replica was enthroned in Sts. Philip and James Church.

### MARYLAND PROVES IT IS "MARY'S LAND"

During the next two weeks, the people of this great state, rich in history and tradition, proved that they are indeed Mary's children and that their state was most appropriately named "Mary's Land." The visit throughout the archdiocese was similar to those that had taken place in other large

metropolitan areas, with many churches, schools, convents and hospitals privileged to be host to Our Lady's image. Almost everywhere there were overflow crowds, more than 125,000 coming to pay honor to the Mother of God and to beseech her to grant the conversion of Russia and peace in the world.

Following is the complete schedule, (all places being in the state of Maryland):

- Dec.**
- 1 Cathedral of the Assumption, Baltimore
  - 2 Notre Dame Institute, Baltimore
  - Sts. Philip and James Church, Baltimore
  - 3 Seton High School, Baltimore
  - Notre Dame College, Baltimore
  - St. Mary's Church, (Govan Park), Baltimore
  - 4 Visitation Convent, Baltimore
  - Monastery of the Carmelite Sisters, Baltimore
  - St. Ignatius Church, Baltimore
  - 5 Woodstock College (Jesuit Seminary), Woodstock
  - Holy Rosary (Polish) Church, Baltimore
  - 6 House of the Good Shepherd (Colored Girls), Baltimore
  - House of the Good Shepherd (White Girls) Baltimore
  - St. Martin's Church, Baltimore
  - 7 Catholic High School, Baltimore
  - St. Elizabeth's Church, Baltimore
  - 8 St. Mary's Seminary (Diocesan) Roland Park, Baltimore
  - St. Katharine's Church, Baltimore
  - 9 Mount St. Agnes College (Mt. Washington), Baltimore



Archbishop Francis P. Keough crowns the "Pilgrim Virgin" at Assumption Cathedral, upon its arrival in Baltimore Archdiocese.

- Sacred Heart of Jesus Church, Baltimore
- 10 St. Frances (Colored) Academy, Baltimore
- Shrine of the Little Flower, Baltimore
- 11 St. Peter Claver (Colored) Church, Baltimore
- 12 St. Mary's Church, Annapolis
- St. Mary Star of the Sea Church, Baltimore
- 13 St. Leo's Church, Baltimore
- St. Ambrose's Church, Baltimore
- 14 St. Joseph Church, Emmitsburg
- St. John's Church, Frederick
- 15 St. Mary's Church, Hagerstown
- St. Patrick's Church, Cumberland.

In addition to the above, brief stops were made at all the Catholic hospitals in Baltimore, and at the convent of the Dominican Sisters of the Perpetual Rosary.

#### MARYLAND HIGHLIGHTS

A most unusual manifestation of love took place at Notre Dame College, conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame. All of the 900 girls from the College and Academy marched in procession, each carrying a red rose to which was attached a slip of paper bearing the name of a city in Russia. As each student placed her flower at the feet of the "Pilgrim Virgin," she promised to recite the Rosary every day for the conversion of the Russian city she had chosen—and these prayers would

continue until that city and its inhabitants were freed from the yoke of Communism. This inspiring ceremony was performed for the first time a few weeks earlier at Holy Angels Academy in Fort Lee, New Jersey, (also conducted by the School Sisters of Notre Dame), and has been repeated several times since in various schools visited by Our Lady's statue.

Holy Rosary (Polish) Church had little time to prepare for the coming of the "Pilgrim Virgin," having been added to the schedule just three days before its arrival there. In spite of this, the huge church could not begin to accommodate all those wanting to attend the Marian Hour Sunday night, December 5th.

Several other churches had difficulty taking care of the many people who came to see the beautiful image and to pray for peace. Record breaking crowds were present at St. Martin's, St. Elizabeth's, St. Katharine's, Sacred Heart of Jesus, Shrine of the Little Flower, St. Leo's, all in Baltimore, and St. Mary's, Annapolis, and St. Patrick's, Cumberland.

As usual, there were the good souls who followed the statue on its tour of the city, visiting nearly all,

Students of Notre Dame College and Academy place their roses at Our Lady's feet. Each flower contains a slip with the name of a Russian city, for which each girl has promised to pray until that city is converted from Communism. Monsignor William C. McGrath in background.



of the churches where it was enthroned. One who sought and found his Mother in many places was the chief steward of the steamship San Francisco, docked in the Baltimore harbor. He happened to be from the town of Fatima in Portugal and was overjoyed to see the magnificent receptions accorded the renowned image of the patroness of his country.

In Baltimore as in most places, there were those who had come from great distances just to get a glimpse of the famous statue. Many came from Washington, D.C., others from Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and some even from South Carolina.

When the statue arrived at St. Mary's Church, Annapolis, it was escorted in procession by a large group of Midshipmen from the Naval Academy. Led by their chaplain, (Lieutenant Commander) Father Henry Rotrige, more than 70 of them had come in a body to learn about Our Lady's conditions for peace in the world. Another 100 or more servicemen were scattered throughout the huge crowd that jammed the church Sunday afternoon, December 12th, for the two and one half hour visit there. These future admirals, who one day will command our country's fleets, listened with serious interest as Father John J. Ryan, S.J. explained the message of Fatima. He told them that all their extensive training, all their valuable equipment, all

of this country's warships, planes, bombs and secret weapons will be utterly useless in trying to establish a just peace in the world unless enough people hear and heed the requests made by the Mother of God for prayer and penance. To many of the Midshipmen it undoubtedly came as a surprise to learn that, in spite of the actions of the UNO and human leaders to the contrary, there is absolutely no hope for true world peace except by following Our Lady's "peace plan from Heaven."

During the past year there have been many incidents to prove that the good sisters will not be denied and that they can nearly always accomplish the impossible through their fervent prayers. Upon arrival at Emmitsburg the morning of December 14th, the pilgrimage car slowed down to make a turn in the road that would take it to its



The "Pilgrim Virgin" is welcomed at St. Ignatius Church, Baltimore, home of the Reparation Society.

destination. Suddenly, three youths spied the statue and began making frantic gestures indicating that the car should stop. At first it was thought they were hitch-hikers. But they opened the door and excitedly pleaded that the "Pilgrim Virgin" be brought to their school for a brief visit. The Daughters of Charity, in charge of St. Joseph parish and high schools were disturbed because many of their students lived in mountain districts and would have to board their school buses for home before having a chance to see the "Pilgrim Virgin." So the sisters spent the day and night before, praying that the loving Mother of God would perform a "miracle" and have her image visit them for a short while, even though they were not on the schedule. By a rare coincidence, the pilgrimage party had gotten off to a very early start that morning and had an hour to spare. The reason was now obvious. Word spread like wildfire through the schools, and sisters and children left in joyful haste to assemble in St. Joseph Church to welcome Our Lady. Full of happiness they sang "On This Day, Oh Beautiful Mother ... we give thee our love." Nowhere has there been a more enthusiastic reception than the one given by these children. They had wanted to see their Mother—and she had answered their request. As for the Daughters of Charity, with tears in their eyes they knelt at her feet to whisper their prayers of thanks for the "miracle" which she had so generously granted. It is difficult to imagine who was the happier; the Mother of God or her children.

In every church great crowds of young and old came to touch their beads or their hands to the feet of Our Lady's famous image.



At St. Joseph College, Emmitsburg, (home of Mother Seton, foundress of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul), impressive ceremonies honored the arrival of the "Pilgrim Virgin." Priests and seminarians from Mount St. Mary's seminary, together with hundreds of sisters and students from the motherhouse and college escorted the statue in procession around the campus grounds. Later, nearly 4000 persons from the town and surrounding mountain territory filed through the college chapel to venerate Our Lady's image, and to petition her for peace.

Wednesday, December 15th was a grey and dreary day in Cumberland. From early morning the rain had come down in torrents, the streets and stores were nearly deserted, and rumors of a flood circulated throughout the city as the streams began to rise. The roads leading into the city were covered with ice, the trees were a picturesque sight with a silver freeze, and huge limbs and telephone wires, broken and heavy with ice littered the sides of the roads. In many places a depressing fog hovered close to the ground. Yet, there was joy in the hearts of the Catholic population, for the "Pilgrim Virgin" would be in their midst that night. In spite of adverse weather conditions, St. Patrick's Church was filled to overflowing by a throng of more than 1200 persons. As they offered prayers for peace, they gazed in silent admiration at the beauty of this small, frail, wooden image of Our Lady that is capturing the hearts of hundreds of thousands of people everywhere.

#### OUR LADY ASKED FOR REPARATION

Special mention must be made of the "Pilgrim Virgin" visit to St. Ignatius Church, Baltimore. In direct response to the pleas of Our Lady of Fatima for reparation, a Nocturnal Adoration Society for men was formed at this church in September 1945. Its members chose the night hours of the First Saturday of each month for their hourly vigils. The Rosary was recited and appropriate prayers offered in front of the Blessed Sacrament in reparation to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, so grievously offended by the sins of man.

From its beginning the Society (which later became The Reparation Society), was blessed with remarkable success. A few months later a group of zealous women followed the example of the men by watching an hour in prayer from 1:00 P.M. to 10:00 P.M. on the First Saturdays. Soon the idea spread to other parishes in the city, and then to other states. Now, groups have been organized in all of the 48 states, and in nearly 50 foreign countries. Simplicity and sincerity are the keynotes



The "Pilgrim Virgin" being carried through the great throng of more than 8000 persons at the Shrine of the Little Flower, Baltimore. In spite of near-freezing temperatures (35 degrees officially), these people, led by their pastor, Rev. George Larkin (right), staged a magnificent candlelight procession to give the statue a royal welcome.

of the Society. Sister Lucia, (to whom Our Lady appeared at Fatima), and the Bishop of Leiria-Fatima have approved the special prayers offered by the members. His Holiness, Pope Pius XII has imparted a special blessing to the Society.

The man who organized and continues to direct this unique Society is Rev. John J. Ryan, S.J., of St. Ignatius Church. To look at him one wonders where he gets the energy to conduct his many activities. Small, grey-haired, frail-looking; he appears on the verge of a complete physical collapse due to lack of nourishment, etc. His health nearly prevented him from becoming a priest, but Our Lady intervened with a miracle that made his ordination possible. In return, he now dedicates his life to her service. What he lacks in physical strength he more than makes up in spiritual fortitude, charity and zeal. Tirelessly, and in a quiet and unassuming manner he handles the affairs of the Reparation Society in addition to his parish duties. He spends many hours in the confessional, especially on the First Saturdays, to provide every possible opportunity for those wanting to make

their peace with God. Whenever there is an organization desiring a talk on Fatima, Fr. Ryan is there to give it, always, of course, stressing the need for reparation.

When the "Pilgrim Virgin" crossed the International Bridge between Canada and the United States on December 8, 1947, it was met by Father Ryan, who placed at its feet a bouquet of American Beauty Roses, one for each state in the Union. In the name of the American people, he expressed the hope that Our Lady would receive a warm welcome in every state, (slightly more than half already have been visited), and that she would find that sufficient number who would fulfill her requests so that a just and lasting peace would be assured for this country.

Nearly a year later almost to the day, December 4, 1948, Father Ryan again had the privilege of welcoming the famed image, this time before a capacity crowd in St. Ignatius Church. During the rest of the time the statue remained in the Baltimore Archdiocese Father Ryan accompanied it on its tour, assisting Monsignor McGrath with the

many sermons that were necessary because of the heavy schedule.

His remarkable success, coupled with his sincere humility, would seem to indicate that Our Lady is well pleased with her favored son, Father Ryan, who labors so diligently in her behalf.

#### COLD NIGHT BUT WARM HEARTS AT SHRINE OF LITTLE FLOWER

In every diocese the "Pilgrim Virgin" invariably is accorded a magnificent reception that is more memorable than all the rest. The outstanding highlight in the Baltimore Archdiocese was the visit to the Shrine of the Little Flower the night of December 10th. Rev. George Larkin, pastor, his assistants, Father Frederick Duke and Father Joseph Kenney and the parishioners were so delighted at having the famed replica of Our Lady in their midst that they insisted it be given a royal welcome regardless of weather conditions.

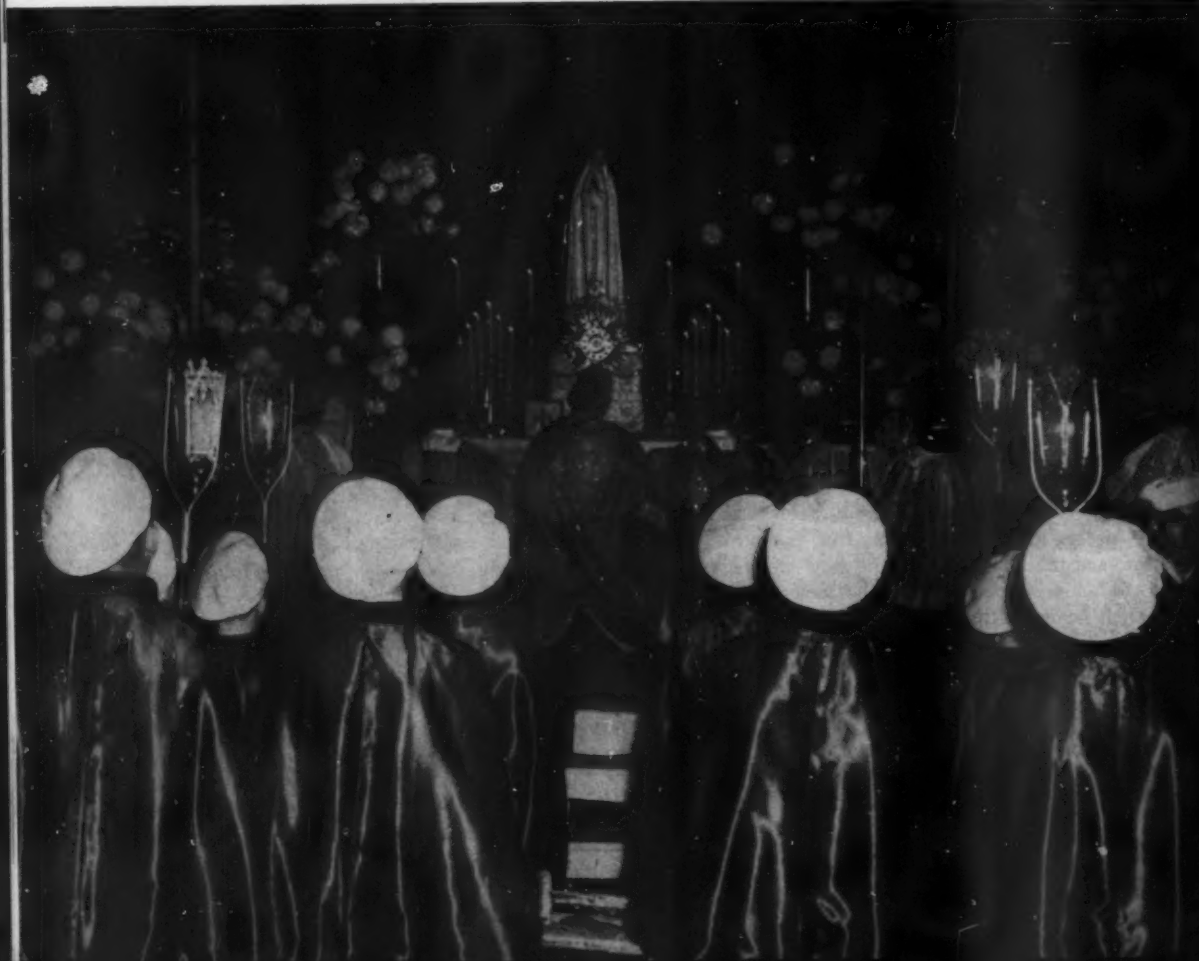
Braving near-freezing temperatures, (35 degrees officially), more than 5000 persons, led by motor-

cycle escort and paced by four bands, marched in a tremendous candlelight procession which ended on the school grounds. There the crowd, which had increased to 8000, alternated in singing hymns and praying the Rosary. Over their heads approached the dazzling white figure of the "Pilgrim Virgin," looking more brilliant than ever under the glare of giant searchlights that illuminated the entire area for blocks around.

Parting the huge throng, uniformed Knights of Columbus formed an avenue of swords that glistened in the flickering light of thousands of candles. Through this path the statue was borne majestically to the beautiful throne prepared for it atop the outdoor altar. Here the Marian Hour was conducted, and was concluded with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

After Benediction the statue was placed in the church for veneration. For several hours far into the early morning, thousands of men, women and children (among them U. S. Senator Herbert O'Connor of Maryland,) waited patiently in the cold

Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament at the outdoor altar during the Marian Hour honoring the "Pilgrim Virgin" at the Shrine of the Little Flower, December 10th.



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to enter the church that they might touch their beads or religious articles to the feet of the image. As they waited, their hands undoubtedly were cold, but their hearts were warm with the spirit of love and sacrifice for the Mother of God, who had come to teach them how to find peace and happiness. Long after the last of the crowd had left, over 100 men and women of the Reparation Society remained in a constant vigil of adoration before the Blessed Sacrament. They offered a continuous Rosary until the statue departed at 2:30 the next afternoon.

This soul-stirring manifestation of love and sacrifice in her behalf must have been highly pleasing to the Mother of God, who rewards a thousand-fold the slightest favor done for her. So the Mediatrix of All Graces must have showered innumerable spiritual blessings upon the priests and people at the Shrine of the Little Flower, and upon all who honored her in any way during the "Pilgrim Virgin" tour of Mary's Land.

#### SMOKY CITY SEES THE LIGHT

One of the principal industries in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania is the manufacture of bulbs and electrical equipment that will produce artificial light. During the "Pilgrim Virgin" visit the residents of this great metropolis, (often called the "Smoky City" because of its many factories and steel mills), received another kind of "light." By the thousands, they came to obtain the light of truth contained in the words of Our Lady of Fatima: "*If my requests are heard, Russia will be converted and there will be peace.*" The darkness of their minds was dispelled by this heavenly message which proves that the leaders of the world, although, foolishly, they try so often, cannot assure peace in the world without Divine assistance.

The Church of the Epiphany was the first stop in the Pittsburgh diocese. Services there opened Friday morning, December 17th, with a colorful procession of nearly 3000 persons, representing every religious organization in the city and led by high ranking church and civic leaders. Acting for Most Rev. Hugh Boyle, Bishop of Pittsburgh, his



A platoon of Midshipmen from the U.S. Naval Academy escort the "Pilgrim Virgin" to St. Mary's Church, Annapolis.

Coadjutor, Most Rev. John F. Dearden welcomed the statue for the diocese, and Mayor David Lawrence for the city. The image remained at the Church of the Epiphany for three days, during which time an estimated 40,000 people come to venerate it.

December 20th the statue was enshrined at St. Paul's Passionist Monastery Church. Thirteen special services in honor of Our Lady were conducted and nearly all of them were attended by capacity crowds.

Although very few knew it, Billy Conn, former well-known professional boxer and challenger to the heavyweight title, was one of the four young men who helped carry the statue into St. Philomena's Redemptorist Church. And it was Billy, the ex-prizefighter, who purchased the truly gorgeous bouquets of orchids that were placed at Our Lady's feet.

The six-day stay in Pittsburgh came to a close at Holy Trinity Carmelite Church, December 22nd. That afternoon more than 1000 sisters attended special services conducted for the members of the



At the Church of the Epiphany, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, Mayor David Lawrence (to right of statue) welcomes the "Pilgrim Virgin" in the name of the city. Looking on are County Commissioner John J. Kane (left) and Rev. Hugh Austin, Carmelite priest of the Most Pure Heart of Mary (Chicago) Province, who is accompanying the pilgrimage for a few months.

various religious communities of the diocese. Because the spirit of Christmas was upon them, these favored Children of Mary derived an even greater happiness in giving to their Heavenly Mother the gift she wants and prizes above all else—the consecration of all of her children to her Immaculate Heart.

#### CONSECRATION TO THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY

After the Blessed Virgin Mary had shown the three children of Fatima the frightful vision of hell on July 13, 1917, she told them:

"You have seen hell where the souls of poor sinners go. To save them God wishes to establish in the world the devotion to my Immaculate Heart. If people do what I tell you, many souls will be saved and there will be peace.

"The war (First World War) is going to end, but if people do not stop offending God, another and more terrible one will begin in the reign of Pope Pius the Eleventh. When you shall see a night illumined by an unknown light (January 25, 1938),

know that this is the great sign that God gives you that He is going to punish the world for its many crimes by means of war, hunger, and persecution of the Church and the Holy Father.

**"TO PREVENT THIS, I SHALL COME TO ASK THE CONSECRATION OF RUSSIA TO MY IMMACULATE HEART, AND THE COMMUNION OF REPARATION ON THE FIRST SATURDAYS.** If my requests are granted, Russia will be converted and there will be peace. If not, she will spread her errors throughout the world, provoking wars and persecutions of the Church. The good will be martyred, the Holy Father will have much to suffer, various nations will be destroyed. *But in the end my Immaculate Heart will triumph.* The Holy Father will consecrate Russia to me, and a certain period of peace will be granted to the world."

Several years later, on December 10, 1925, Our Lady of Fatima appeared to Lucy, the sole survivor of the three children, then a Sister of St. Dorothy in the motherhouse of the community in Tuy, Spain. At that time the Mother of God made known to the nun that the devotion of the Five

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First Saturdays should be propagated throughout the world.

In 1929 the Queen of Heaven again appeared to Sister Lucia, this time to ask for the consecration of Russia to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Pope Pius XII, on October 31, 1942, solemnly consecrated the world to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, with a special mention of Russia. This consecration did not entirely fulfill the conditions requested by Our Lady, as she has asked for the consecration of Russia alone—and this to be done by the Holy Father, together with all the Bishops of the world. However, Sister Lucia was assured by Our Lady that this consecration pleased Our Lord, but in order to complete it for the world, all of us must consecrate ourselves to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. In a special letter to all the Bishops, dated May 1, 1948, Pope Pius XII again urged that every person, family, parish and diocese consecrate itself to Our Lady's Immaculate Heart.

#### GREAT POWER OF MARY'S IMMACULATE HEART

Before she died in 1920, little Jacinta, youngest of the three children of Fatima, stated: *"Tell everybody that God gives graces through the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Tell them to ask these graces from her, and that the Heart of Jesus wishes to be venerated together with the Immaculate Heart of His Mother. Ask them to plead for peace from the Immaculate Heart of Mary, for the Lord has confided the peace of the world to her."*

The Mediatrix of All Graces is reported to have appeared to a 20 year old girl, Barbara Reuss, in Germany during 1946. (NOTE: These reported apparitions have received the highest local ecclesiastical approbation, and on Good Friday, 1947, Barbara Reuss received the stigmata in her hands, feet and side.) Our Lady told the girl: "It is true that the world was consecrated to my Immaculate Heart, but this consecration has become a fearful responsibility for many men. I demand that the world live this consecration. *Have unreserved confidence in my Immaculate Heart. Believe that I am able to do everything with my Son. Substitute my Immaculate Heart in place of your sinful hearts... Fulfill my requests that Christ may reign as the King of Peace... Make all your entreaties to the Father through my Immaculate Heart. If they are conducive to His Honor, He will grant them... If you consecrate yourselves to me without reserve, I shall take care of all the rest.*"

#### VARIOUS FORMS OF CONSECRATION

Personal consecration to the Immaculate Heart

of Mary means, literally, fulfilling the requests she made at Fatima—to give up sin, pray the Rosary and observe the Five First Saturdays.

Probably one of the best forms of consecration for the average lay person is to wear the Brown Scapular of Our Lady of Mount Carmel. During the final apparition at Fatima, the Blessed Mother appeared to the three children as Our Lady of Mount Carmel. In the Mass for July 16th (Feast of Our Lady of Mount Carmel), is the prayer, "She has this day taken to herself special children." A person who wears the Brown Scapular declares to the world he or she belongs to Mary. In return, the Mother of God has promised eternal life to those who die wearing this mantle, for when she gave the Scapular to St. Simon Stock and the world in 1251, she stated: *"Whosoever dies clothed in this shall never suffer eternal fire."* Wearing the Scapular serves as a constant reminder of one's personal consecration to Mary, and the necessity for imitating her virtues and heeding her requests—especially those made at Fatima, and in other recent times.

(NOTE: The Scapular Medal may be substituted when it is impossible or impractical to wear the cloth Scapular. However, to be worn validly, one must first have been enrolled in the cloth Scapular and the medal must be blessed by a priest.)

Another excellent, but more difficult form of personal consecration is the practice of True Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary, as advocated by St. Louis Grignon de Montfort. This consists in giving one's self as a slave and servant to the Blessed Mother. It means turning over to her all of one's possessions, family, sacrifices, merits from good works, and even one's life to dispose of as she sees fit, for the greater love, honor and glory of God.

Probably the most exalted form of personal consecration is for a person to renounce the world, and enter the service of God under Mary by becoming a priest or nun. This form of consecration has varying degrees, depending upon one's choice of a secular, religious or contemplative group or community.

#### MARY WANTS OUR CONSECRATION TO HER IMMACULATE HEART

Many people hesitate or fear to consecrate themselves to Mary because they know they are sinners and not worthy in her sight. They do not seem to realize that it was not necessary for Our Lady to flash out of the skies at Fatima to remind the saintly people of this world to amend their lives,

*(Continued on page 46)*

# "IF YOU WERE IN MY LOAFERS..."

## A TEEN-AGE GIRL PLEADS FOR UNDERSTANDING FOR HER "CROWD"

HELEN E. HEMBERGER

**L**ISTEN, did you ever take a peep at those ads in magazines showing a "man size" baby putting his "pint size" Mom in his cradle to give her a heart-to-heart talk?

You did? So did I—it gave me an idea. Know what I'd like to do? Take my sweet ole, well-meaning Mom and put her in those shabby old loafers of mine—just for a week, say. (I'm convinced if the old dear had any idea how rough the going is for us teen-agers, there'd be some changes made!)

Not so long ago, a contest was held in one of our big cities, to find out what boys and girls in those "terrible teens" would wish for, if they could have a modern miracle. Did they have a yen to be Clark Gable's or Hedy LaMarr's? Did they pine for fame, fortune and fun? Nope. The winning entry read—and I quote:

"The most miraculous thing, to me, would be to have everybody remember what they went through when they were teen-agers and stop saying, 'What is this generation coming to?' " So, you see, Mom, I'm not the only one who's feeling stepped on!

Don't you really think we've got any brains at all? How do you figure that such a swell parent, as yourself, could have such an imbecile for a kid? How would you like it, if every time some fool parent hit the ball too hard, lied, cheated, stole or murdered, I'd accuse you of being headed for such crimes? Then why do you think just because a few kids and Juvenile Delinquents (ugh, how I hate those words!) that I'll turn out to be one? I wouldn't accuse you of such things; I give you credit for better sense. But you—if you get wind of one of our crowd going haywire, what happens? Our privileges are cut to the bone, the reins are drawn tighter than the belts on our ballerinas. Just because some dimwit craves publicity, goes out and does murder to get it, the curfew is clapped on the rest of us poor dopes. 'Tain't fair, sez I.

Let me tell you something: If just half the space our "dear eds" allot to the blood-curdling sex crime stories was given over to the sports events, school activities and decent carryings-on of our crowd, it might be a different story. I can't imagine the announcement, BILL KITCH AWARDED TROPHY FOR GOOD SPORTSMANSHIP, in letters two inches high, on the front pages of the "big sheets," can you? Nope, that's tucked away in the two inch box in the left hand corner of page 11; but you don't

have to stretch your imagination to picture—YOUTH CONFESSES MURDER OF EIGHT-YEAR-OLD—as front page streamer, do you? Why blame the editor; Gallup says it's what the readers soak up!

Can you remember how you liked to be in the "limelight" when you were a kid? Well, we still do and some of us will do anything to get there. If it takes a crime to attract your attention—well, you asked for it. Just for the fun of it, why not pounce on some of the worth-while things we do (there are quite a lot of them, believe it or not) blow 'em up, give them the publicity and build-up you ordinarily give the mistakes. . . . See what happens. Get what I mean?

While I'm giving you the once over, Mom, how about showing more enthusiasm for our games and gatherings? How about a get-together to organize a "Parents-back-'em-up Squad" instead of those long-winded meetings where they blow and wheeze about the "underprivileged?"

Another thing . . . don't be so darn stingy with the "home grounds." What if we do wear a few whiskers off the living room rug to the tune of Bongo, Bongo, knock a chip off the Chippendale and put a hole in the "emergency supply shelf?" We'd rather be home than in some dim-light dump if you didn't make such a fuss about it. "Nobody else's parents put up with it, why should I?" you ask. O.K.—O.K.—O.K. We can coke and cavort somewhere else! Maybe the "coke" will be over 3% or have foam on it—you're asking for it. We aim to please!

It isn't often I take the opportunity to discuss such things, Mom, so don't get your dander up. I might as well get it all off my chest while we're at it. Can you tell me why, whenever I bring home some of the kids (particularly a guy) you always have to trot out my baby picture? Why do you and Aunt Hennie have to drool over the cute things I said and did in days gone by? Would you like it if I told your bridge pals how you looked when you were "gumming" around here waiting for your store teeth? How would Pop feel if I told how we know he's "had one with the boys" by the way he wiggles his ears to amuse us when he comes home late? Not much!

Another bee in my bandana is this: Please don't "put us on" in front of your company or ours. If you've got a gripe, "give" in private; don't dish it

out when there's a crowd, savvy?

Something else—do you always have to make cracks about our clothes? They're a darn sight more practical for the active life we lead than the trappings you rigged yourself out in at our age. Think it over—what were you wearing? Did it offer half the comfort or "complete coverage" or laundry-ease of our frayed blue jeans? What if they are shiny at the seat and out at the knees—we love 'em!

If you'd be a little more inquiring, you'd find ideals you never dreamed of under our crew cuts and shoulder lengths. After all, you'll have to admit we're an honest lot. We like it "straight from the shoulder" and we can take it. It's the beating around the bush that gets us down. What we're trying to get at is what is worthwhile and what isn't. If we do it by the trial and error method; don't get fussed. Who made your mistakes for you? Even now, you can't stand the guy who always wants to do your thinking for you. O.K.—ditto for us!

Guess that's about all, Mom; but listen. . . . Some-

where beneath our babushkas are dreams of a better world than the one you've pretty well messed up. No, don't take it that way—we know you've done your darndest—it just wouldn't jell, that's all. Why not give us a crack at it, now? Maybe our plans for a bigger an' better ole U.S.A. are screw-ball, our ideas of life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, crack-pot; but who can tell? In the new order of things, our president might preside in bedraggled blue jeans, li'l Abner's and flapping shirt tails; but who the heck cares if he's "sollid" and "on the beam?"

Think it over, Mom. It's your turn to shoot, now. Before you do, though, get this: We really do have a sense of honor, a code of morals and we can be depended upon to use them. It would make for better kids and happier parents if you'd wait to hear our side of the story before you go sounding off, if you knew we had a reason for the things we do. Remember, Mom, we like to be trusted and if we know we are, it makes a difference. Speak up now, Mom, what would you do if you were in my loafers?

## **"IF I WERE IN YOUR LOAFERS..."**

### **A SYMPATHETIC ELDER ANSWERS THE TEEN-AGERS REQUEST DEFINITELY**

HELEN E. HEMBERGER

II

**O.K.** "Teen-Timer, it's my turn now! So you'r like to put me in your old, scuffed loafers for a week, eh? Well, honey chile, very first thing, this old girl would polish your disreputable looking footwear. That would be easy though; for with every pair of loafers, saddles or block busters the salesman talked you into a matching bottle of polish. For what, I have yet to learn—certainly not for you to use.

In keeping with the shoddy appearance of your shoes, are your skirts with pleats un-pressed, your "sloppy Joe" sweaters, so aptly named. To "top" it all off are the bandanas, whose lively colors and hep patterns are muted by the grime of a "suds-less" existence.

Now, about your room; or perhaps we'd better not go into that. Why? For the simple reason that we can't get in! It requires fortitude to wade in there every day at bed-making time; but, of course, you wouldn't know about that. No one needs tell me why they put doors on clothes closets. I long for the day when some ingenious soul will invent covers for dressing table tops to conceal from the public gaze, their ever-present disarray.

Did no one ever confide to you that lids were meant to be screwed back on jars, stoppers in perfume bottles and tops on finger nail polish? Your shoulder-length combings add a nice touch, streaming over the edge and the bobby pins—shall we just "let 'em lay"—that's what you do. It may be artistic to you; but I have different ideas—quaint, no doubt.

So, you want us old-timers to "remember what we went through when we were teen-agers" and stop saying, "What is this generation coming to?" If we "went through" anything, we certainly did it without much fuss—ours was a Spartan age; still is. We were simple souls: (yes, I know your definition of simple) born without complexes. They hadn't come into popularity yet. Unlike you moderns, we took life as it came, accepted growing-up as predestined and foreordained. We weren't always trying to psycho-analyze and attach undue importance to the fall of every eye-lash.

Sometimes it's better to accept life at face value rather than tear it apart to see what makes it "tick." You youngsters take yourselves too seriously; others, not seriously enough. As for what you're

"going through"—pardon the flippancy; but the only thing I know of is the knees of your over-rated blue jeans!

You hate the term "Juvenile Delinquents;" well, I agree, but why blame all parents for the pet mouthpiece of a few? The same goes for the amount of space allotted by the press to teen-age crime stories. Publicity isn't going to help. Why corrupt the minds of the entire reading public with the lurid tales of the misdemeanors of the few?

You censure parents for lack of willingness to let you entertain at home. Frankly, there's no place we'd rather have you enjoying yourselves than there; but the complete lack of respect for property, the inconsiderate abandon with which you give vent to emotion is more than most parents can tolerate. There is a limit to human endurance. Cracked records, burned upholstery and rugs, broken glassware and dishes are expensive to replace now-a-days. Then, too, working people reside there who need a reasonable amount of rest. Of course, there is that mess to clean up next day. (Remember, Mom can't take care of it this week—she's in your loafers!)

I'm sorry about dragging out your baby picture and reminiscing when you have company. Some day, when the baby whom you love very dearly is growing up, you'll understand. Living in the past, sweet, is the first sign of approaching old age. Then, by-gone days seem so dear—they possess a peculiar charm that no future can ever hold.

You say you're trying to "find out what is worthwhile and what isn't?" All I can say is that you have a very queer way of going about it. One doesn't look for the sweet modesty of woodland violets in the dust and dirt of crowded highways; search for pearls of truth and goodness in the pens of swine. Forgive the suggestion; but it would save

time and effort to look for worthwhile things where they are most likely to be found.

Don't say I'm talking over your head. Haven't you told me there are more ideas and ideals "under your babushkas" than I ever dreamed of? O.K. let's get them out in the open. Yes, I do believe they are there and I'm hoping that you can build a better world "than the one we've pretty well messed up." I'm praying, too, that you may hold fast to those ideals while you are building. They have a frightening way of becoming lost, during a lifetime, in the din and confusion of construction.

If, as you suggest, your president should preside in blue jeans, li'l Abner's and flapping shirt tails, I agree, it won't matter, if he can think straight. Somehow, though, to an adult mind, unkempt attire seems to suggest a disordered mind. I could picture even Abraham Lincoln presiding in blue jeans; but they would have neat patches at the knees. He might wear li'l Abner's; but they would be presentable and laced. His shirt tail might even be flapping; but it would be fresh and clean. There is a difference, you know!

I grant that you are an honest lot—in your own peculiar way—and you like it "straight from the shoulder;" but I'm not so sure you can take it. Yes, of course, when it suits you; but what a fuss if it doesn't! Too much breath is wasted in shouting about how abused and misunderstood you are. Forget that noise—try looking at things from someone else's viewpoint for a change. See how it works out.

That sense of honor and code of morals you spoke of: let me tell you, there isn't a mother or father, deserving of the name, in this broad land of ours, who wouldn't stake his life on it. Only you can prove our claim—the job is yours! What would I do if I were in your loafers? I think I'd try to look and act like the fine person you really are.

## OUR LADY OF FATIMA

(Continued from page 48)

pray the Rosary, etc.—things which these good souls are doing already. Mary's message was meant for sinners like you and me. No matter how hardened in sin we may be, nor how black our souls, her mission is to draw us to the Sacred Heart of her Divine Son through her Immaculate Heart. Many of her greatest "miracles of grace" have been worked in the lowliest sinners. All that Mary asks is our cooperation; that we consecrate ourselves to her Immaculate Heart. Remember her words: "If you give yourself to me without reserve, I shall take care of all the rest."

In exchange for our consecration to the Mother of God, we will receive personal peace in this life and everlasting happiness in the next. "So much for so little."

## AN ACT OF CONSECRATION

Following is the *Act of Consecration* recited at all the Marian Hour services wherever the "Pilgrim Virgin" visits:

"O Mary, Virgin and most powerful Mother of Mercy, Queen of Heaven and Refuge of Sinners, we consecrate ourselves today to thine Immaculate Heart. We consecrate to thee our very being and our whole life; all that we have, all that we love, all that we are. To thee we give our bodies, our hearts and souls. To thee we give our homes, our families and our country.

"Mindful of this consecration, we now promise to imitate thee by the practice of Christian virtues, without regard for human respect. We resolve to receive Holy Communion on the first Saturday of every month, when possible, and to offer daily five decades of the Rosary, together with all our sacrifices, in the spirit of penance and reparation. Amen."

# *A Sign Marked*

THE long silver cars of No. 6 rolled past the crossing in the cold February night. Amber lights gleamed through the windows onto the lone figure of Miss Annie standing beside the railroad track with her red lantern and her wooden sign marked STOP. She was a plump little woman with a kind face and eyes as blue as the upholstery in the Pullman cars of No. 6.

Miss Annie stomped her feet in the cold and was glad when the twin red lights on the rear of the train had winked on by. She flagged the waiting traffic across the tracks and shivering, walked over to the tiny flaghouse.

As she hung her lantern on a nail beside the door, Miss Annie thought she saw a slight movement in the bushes several feet behind the flaghouse. She clutched her stop sign and stared. The night was still and brittle. Possibly it had been the creaking of frozen twigs she'd heard, yet there was an unfamiliar darkness about that clump of bushes. . . . She watched and listened again.

"Just an old lady's imagination," he decided and went in. It was the wintertime loneliness that had got her, Miss Annie thought to herself as she pulled off her woolen scarf and heavy coat. She walked over to the pot-bellied stove and poured a cup of steaming black coffee from the granite pot.

For five years, ever since her railroadin' husband had died, Miss Annie had been flagwoman at the railroad crossing out at Pinewood. It was a rather isolated spot; residences and stores were several blocks south. Passenger trains stopped at Pinewood for three minutes to discharge or take on people who wanted to avoid the bustle of the uptown station. It was Miss Annie's job to warn cars and pedestrians of approaching trains.

Yes, she enjoyed her work in summer, Miss Annie thought. There were always clusters of laughing folks saying, "Good-bye," or "Hi, glad you're back!" But best of all were the children. They



STOP

*Beth Cox*

came down about 8:00, just at dusk in summer, to watch the streamliner, as they called No. 6, go by. The children gathered around Miss Annie's small doorstep, and somehow, for them, the joy of the great silver train pulled by the silent Diesel engine never grew old. Miss Annie loved the children and learned to know by name nearly all who lived in the neighborhood.

Now she took her cup of coffee and walked to the window. She rubbed a clear place on the misty pane and looked out into the night. The summers were fun on this job, but maybe she was getting too old for the winter shift. Here she was seeing and hearing things. . . . At that moment Miss Annie saw three figures move stealthily from the side and rear of the flaghouse. Her grip tightened on the coffee cup, and some of the hot liquid splashed on her hand. Miss Annie felt like her heart was dropping right down onto her arch supports. The group moved on out from the shadow of the house, and suddenly Miss Annie sighed with relief.

"Why, they're only boys! They're the dark shadows I saw a few minutes ago, but what can they be up to out in this terrible cold and who are they?" She strained her eyes trying to discern features by the dim light of the shelter across the tracks. There was something familiar about one of the boys, but the others were strangers. As they turned and moved on down one side of the track, Miss Annie recognized Mike. She knew it was Mike from the way he swaggered and the defiant set of his head; Mike Scoggins who lived

a mile down the tracks in a shack with his drunken father and no-account mother.

"Those boys are up to no good," Miss Annie thought as she watched them disappear in an opposite direction from Mike's home. "Poor laddie," Miss Annie kept saying to herself, "and nobody to help him." She was still murmuring, "Poor laddie," when she closed her little house at 10 P.M. and went home until her duties would again begin the next afternoon at two.

The following night after No. 6 had pulled out, Miss Annie saw the boys again. They were in the same spot, huddled in the bushes behind her flag-house. The shadows were cleared this time, since she recognized what she was seeing. Miss Annie started to call to Mike, but realized they did not want to be seen and so walked on into the house.

If there were only some way she could get them inside out of this awful cold, Miss Annie thought she might be able to help them—"It's clear as a sheet of ice they're up to some mischief." Then she remembered the coal pile at the rear of the house. Miss Annie had coal inside to last the night but just the same—

She pulled on her coat, grabbed up a bucket and went quickly out to the coal pile. Three figures were moving briskly toward the tracks, as though they had just come up the street. "Land sakes, Mike Scoggins," Miss Annie called in mock surprise; "You boys're out in some mighty bitter weather."

"Yeah," Mike answered but didn't stop.

"Mike" Miss Annie called again, "wonder if one of you boys would mind totin' this bucket of coal inside for me." She held her back. "I don't know what's got into me lately—lumbago, I guess."

Mike stopped and then the other two halted. He looked at the boys and mumbled something. They stood waiting, their breaths white on the air, while Mike came over and picked up Miss Annie's bucket. She looked at the boy's pinched nose and shabby jacket. "Child, you're frozen. Call your friends over to come in and warm up with a cup of coffee."

Mike hesitated at the door. He must have caught the rich fragrance of boiling coffee and felt the warmth of the iron stove on his poorly clad body. He hesitated a moment and then turned to the other boys, "C'mon guys," he ordered, "let's warm up."

The boys huddled close to the stove, almost filling the tiny hut. Mike must be about fourteen, Miss

Annie thought. He was thin and starved-looking with narrow eyes that seemed to dart around the room, taking in everything.

"This is Willie," Mike explained pointing to a boy with pale blue eyes and a big loose mouth who seemed to be about thirteen.

"How are you, Willie?" Miss Annie smiled.

Willie didn't look up from the stove, nor acknowledge the introduction.

"Willie, The Snake, we call 'im," said the other boy who was small and dull looking. "He's quiet but fast."

"Shut up, Greasy," Mike said. It was evident that Mike was the leader.

"And that was Greasy who jus' blew off his mouth," Mike went on, he motioned toward the smaller boy who had just spoken.

"Now what a name," Miss Annie was busy setting out cups. "I can't call you 'Greasy'—what's your other name?" She smiled at the boy.

"I haven't got no other name." The boy closed his thin mouth.

"Wilberforce, jus' Wilberforce. Can you blame 'im?" Mike shrugged.

Miss Annie punched holes in a can of milk and rummaged on a shelf for bread and peanut butter. "Poor young 'uns," she thought, "poor tough lonely young 'uns."

She set out the food and coffee and the boys ate hungrily, not looking up. Miss Annie did manage to drag out of Willie and Greasy that they lived in another part of town and had just sort of "run up" on Mike the last week.

Mike stood up wiping his mouth on his sleeve. "We gotta' go."

The other two boys had been standing at the window, their cups on the sill, since there were only two chairs. Now they clattered their spoons into their cups and followed Mike toward the door, Willie staring at his feet, Greasy swaggering in imitation of Mike.

"You boys go on home, now," Miss Annie said. "Thermometer's gonna' hit zero tonight. You'll catch your death—" She followed them into the cold air, wanting desperately to say something that would help, that would reach into their tough hard little hearts, "Come again, any time. I get mighty lonesome—"

They walked on down the tracks without answering and Miss Annie stood there for a moment despite the bitter cold, and then the words came back to her, clear and sharp on the hard freezing

air. It was Mike: "The old lady's dumb, dumber'n hell. We don't need to worry 'bout her. Whyn't we jus' use her shack—pretend we're comin' in to git warm, then when we git ready to pull the job—" Their voices faded into the night.

Miss Annie went back inside. So she was dumb. Anger and hurt boiled up inside her. They'd use her for a good thing. Not Annie O'Hallaran, they wouldn't. There was no hope for boys like that. Let 'em roam the streets and railroad tracks and go on with whatever they were plotting in the dark—the juvenile authorities could handle cases like that.

Miss Annie's determination to have nothing more to do with the young toughies vanished when there came a knock on her door the following night. Three faces, drawn with cold stared in at her. "Could we git warm?" Mike asked.

"Why sure," Miss Annie pushed the door wide, "come right in. 'I'm just gettin' ready for coffee. Been flagging for No. 6 and I'm frozen." It didn't matter what they said about her. The boys were cold, probably hungry. Maybe she couldn't help 'em any way but taking care of their physical needs; maybe that was what she was supposed to do. She had no right to shirk her duty.

Again Miss Annie set out cups, making a mental note that growing boys didn't need coffee. Tomorrow night, if they came again, she'd have hot chocolate.

The boys were silent as before and uneasy, but they seemed to lap up the warmth and food like Eskimo pups. After they had finished eating she asked them to stay a while and read some magazines she had in a rack in one corner.

"Those dopes can't read," Mike said.

"Got any comics?" Greasy slid his eyes over the magazines.

Miss Annie laughed. "No, but you'll find other things you might like." She pulled out some illustrated weeklies. The boys stayed a short while; Mike had brought in a couple of wooden boxes from the back for chairs. Miss Annie thought they were beginning to relax when Mike suddenly stood up and said abruptly, "We gotta' git goin'." Again they tramped out into the cold, and that was when Miss Annie found it.

She was straightening up the flaghouse, rinsing coffee cups, when she picked up a comic book lying beside the box where Mike had been sitting. "I'll save it for him," Miss Annie thought as she glanced at the title, REVEALING CRIME. Miss Annie shook her head, "Such stuff for boys to read.

I'll stop by the library and get 'em some boys' books. Maybe they'll come spend a while with me every night—it'll keep 'em out of mischief." She flipped the pages of the comic book, and then Miss Annie's heart again started diving for her arch supports. There underlined with a heavy black crayon was the story of a train robbery. In the margin was a crude sketch of her own crossing. She knew it at once. There was a large X under which were these poorly lettered words: *Miss Annie's shack. Engine and mail cars stop here*, was lettered under another X. *Watcher here*, another notation read.

"Oh, they couldn't." Miss Annie stared at the book, "Not those young boys. It's a game they're playing. They wouldn't dare." But she remembered their hiding in the bushes while No. 6 went by, and Mike saying, *Miss Annie's dumb. We'll use her shack—then when we get ready to pull the job—*

"Use me for what?" Miss Annie thought desperately. Did they think they could hide the stuff in the bushes behind her flaghouse if they got away after the robbery, then just come on in and drink coffee as usual—use her for a shield?

Miss Annie sat beside the iron stove long past ten o'clock that night thinking, and before she left, she had a plan.

"I GOT hot chocolate for you tonight," she said when the boys showed up at the usual time the next evening. "And vegetable soup!" She beamed. "I been boilin' it on the stove all day."

Mike smiled briefly and then looked away from Miss Annie, but the other two came up hungrily and sniffed in the pot.

"Eat up," Miss Annie said as she set out the food, "cause I got a problem and I need some help." She saw Greasy look uneasily at Mike. Mike returned the stare with a hard cold look, but Willie just kept on shoveling soup into his loose mouth.

They were settled on the boxes when Miss Annie began her story. "This evening when I came to work," she lied, "I found a comic book down by the railroad tracks. I put it up, thinking I'd save it for Greasy, and bless my soul, I happened to look inside and it looks like somebody is goin' to try to hold up No. 6!" She held up the book so the boys could see the markings on the story about the train robbery.

They gazed silently at Miss Annie. Greasy opened his mouth and Mike said harshly, "Shut up, Greasy!"

"Of course I called the railroad right away," Miss Annie went on, at the same time hoping she'd be forgiven for the big lie, "And they want me to get some watchers. They said some of the neighborhood boys would be best 'cause they know everybody around here and would recognize dangerous strangers right away."

Three faces brightened, and Miss Annie breathed a sigh of relief. Thank goodness, she thought, they think I'm dumb.

"Now what I had in mind," Miss Annie smiled, "is that you boys might consider coming over here every night for a while after supper. All you need do is hang around and watch for anything that looks funny. And you're goin' to get paid \$1.00 a day each to stay till after No. 6 pulls out."

Three dollars a day would knock quite a hole out of Miss Annie's savings, but after all what was she keeping it for?

"After what supper?" Willie asked.

Miss Annie looked up. It was one of the few times she'd heard Willie speak.

The other boys were silent. Mike stared at the floor. Greasy stared at Mike.

"Well now, if your families won't mind, I can just have a good hot stew, or baked potatoes and sausage on the stove and you can eat with me every night for a while. How about it?" She smiled at the boys but had to press hard on her old knees to keep them from jumping—she was that afraid. Suppose they said 'no.' Maybe she should have reported the boys as suspicious characters, but then it might be a game they were playing—and they were only children.

Mike shuffled his feet, then looked at Miss Annie. "Okay, we'll help ya'."

"We'll help ya'," Greasy echoed, looking at Mike.

"And eat, too," Willie said.

And so the long winter evenings became very busy for Miss Annie, and never lonely. At first she set the boys on a ten minute watch every half hour. This "watch" included a walk down one side of the track about an eighth of a mile and back on the other side. After a 30 minutes' rest, they walked in the other direction. She went by the library and got a supply of books she thought they might like. She suggested they bring their school books and study. She bought a parcheesi game and Miss Annie laughed the loudest of all when she won a game. She cooked in the iron stove—all the food she thought growing boys needed and

liked, and every night Miss Annie solemnly handed each boy a one dollar bill.

One evening Miss Annie said, "Boys, I believe those men have given up the idea of a train robbery. You're wastin' your time guarding the tracks. Let's do something else.

"What?" Willie looked up and smiled.

Mike stared at Miss Annie with interest. She noticed his face had taken on a healthy color and his eyes were no longer stealthy, but somewhere deep inside was an unhappiness that didn't belong in the eyes of a fourteen-year-old boy.

"What else can we do?" Greasy asked, and he didn't look at Mike.

"Well, I thought we'd paint up and plant some stuff around the flaghouse. Kinda' brighten it up—spring's coming on, you know." Miss Annie went on happily. "We can get some paint and fix up the inside and out—then we can plant sweetpeas around the front door—they're early starters—and we could dig up the back and make a little vegetable garden—sow peas and greens and carrots—"

"We lived in the country once," Greasy's eyes brightened; "we can start tomatoes in here in a box—"

"I can paint!" Willie said.

Mike looked at Miss Annie and said, "Sure, we'll help." She wished the hurt would go out of his eyes.

And that night her wish came true.

It was almost time to leave when Mike cleared his throat and said softly, "Miss Annie."

Miss Annie smiled, "Yes, Mike."

"He gazed at the floor, and then suddenly put his hand in his pocket and thrust a roll of bills at Miss Annie. 'It's the money you paid us fer' watchin'. We were gonna' stick up the train!' He looked at the floor again and said quietly. 'You knew it all the time.'"

"Oh, now Mike—" Miss Annie blinked at something in her eyes. Train smoke, she guessed.

"We weren't gonna' use real guns," Mike looked up at Miss Annie, "Jus' wooden ones, but we were gonna' do it anyway."

The other boys were silent.

Mike went on. "We don't want money fer' watchin' ourselves—Miss Annie, you been good to us—we're gonna' try to make it up to you."

Willie and Greasy nodded solemnly.

And then the hurt went out of Mike's eyes.



One day a small girl accompanied her mother to the home of Orestes Brownson, the famous convert and writer of the Civil War era. After they had left the house and were a discreet distance away the child confided, "He looks just like a great big lion, doesn't he Mama?" The description fitted him ideally.

The celebrated convert was a problem child of the highest order to the early Church in America; yet in spite of his arrogance, his blunders, and pugnacious arguments, he was not only a literary giant but a great Catholic as well. He was a genius who had more enemies than any other man of his stature. Even his friends found their endurance taxed to the limit, where he was concerned. Yet he fought the good fight even when he was wrong.

America never produced a more contradictory character than Orestes Brownson, nor one with a more colorful life story. He was born in New England in 1803. When his father died his mother found it necessary to distribute the children

around to kindly people who would feed and house the little ones in return for the service of the children. Orestes was brought up in the home of an elderly couple. His duties were light, a circumstance which gave him a great deal of time for reading. Never was there a more inveterate reader, nor a better detective in ferreting out books in the homes of his neighbors for miles around. If any one in Royalton, Vermont, owned a book Orestes had to read it. There was no one to guide his reading; no one to help him out of the literary pitfalls into which he fell.

Although young Orestes attended no church he was keenly interested in spiritual matters. Most of his reading was of a religious nature. He dreamed of the day when he would be able to go to school and study for the ministry. The coveted time came when he was fourteen. The mother was able, with the help of her now grown older children, to gather her family back under one roof. As Orestes was the youngest son and very promising he was sent to school.

His schooling, however, was a very sketchy affair. It was more of a hit-and-miss system. Higher education was out of the question, so the boy educated himself at home. At 19 he went to work in a printing

office and a little later passed an examination which entitled him to a teacher's certificate.

Orestes Brownson taught school in New England for a while—until an offer came from a little town outside of Detroit. Anxious to see the country Brownson went to Detroit. At that time the city boasted a population of about 1200. Here Brownson saw a Catholic church for the first time in his life. The edifice was that of St. Anne's. Little did the boy dream that he would be buried from that very church fifty-two years later.

The pressure of religious cravings led Orestes to join the Presbyterian church, but its doctrines did not satisfy him. One day he consulted with an old lady whose opinion he respected. She told him, "Do not join any Church except the one founded by Christ and His apostles." She meant the Congregational Church to which he belonged, but Orestes did not see it that way. Her words stuck in his mind and after a study of many religions led to the one logical conclusion—but never could he join the Catholic Church! He shuddered at such a horrible prospect. Never would he be a Catholic, for Catholics were not respected in America in those days.

Instead Brownson joined the Unitarian church and entered the

ministry. Prior to his ordination he was married to a very docile girl, Sally Healy, the daughter of a wealthy farmer. There was never a wife more suitable to Brownson's temperament than Sally, who loved her husband dearly in spite of all the faults which she knew he possessed. He was a tall, stern-looking young man who never passed up an argument and generally started one when none was in progress. But he was a good husband and father nevertheless.

Orestes Brownson was a radical in everything he did. He orated from the pulpit like the voice of thunder, expounding doctrines which he realised were false. He preached more against industrialism than he did about religion. Of all things Brownson hated, industry was the most despised. When Brownson came to the conclusion that the religion which he was preaching was not one in which he could believe he gave it up, although it meant giving up his livelihood as a Unitarian minister. His spiritual misery became so acute that he publicly declared himself an unbeliever.

No longer able to preach Unitarianism Brownson started the publication of a magazine, "The Philanthropist," from which pages he preached social justice as he saw it. It was a failure. Financial conditions became so bad that Sally with her children had to return to her father for support. But Orestes fought doggedly on, engaging in one project after another and failing in most of them.

Finally Brownson decided to return to his native New England and there he turned to writing as a profession. Nearly all of his writings dealt with spiritual matters. Brownson advanced his own thought until the Catholic paper, "The Boston Pilot," called his attention to the fact that what he was writing were the tenets of the Catholic Church. They told him that if he would study the doctrines of Catholicism he would find within the Church all the things which he was striving for. His reply was that the Catholic Church was so old and archaic that

it had outlived its usefulness. Seeing himself being drawn more and more toward Catholicism, Brownson fought like a tiger to keep himself out of it. He dreamed of founding a new church which would combine "the best of Catholicism and the best of Protestantism." Years later in shame and chagrin he called those ideas his "Horrible Doctrines."

It wasn't enough for Brownson to be embroiled in spiritual matters. He had to engage in politics as well. He almost went to Congress in 1841, after having almost gone to Harvard to teach in 1838. Neither offer materialized. He had too many enemies to be so advanced in the world. He was never a tactful man and always swung hard when he struck. The result was he remained a poor writer. However, as he put little emphasis on money his relative poverty did not bother him too much. He was able to maintain a home for his family and that was enough to satisfy him.

The more Brownson wrote the closer he drew to Catholicism. To escape it he turned to Transcendentalism and early forms of Communism, but finally a great truth caught up with him and he was trapped. In his own words, "I shall never forget the rapture I felt when wandering in the mazes of error there burst upon my mind this great truth—that God is free. It struck me like a flash of light in the middle of darkness . . . and changed almost instantly not only the tone and temper of my mind but the direction of my whole order of thought. Though years elapsed before I found myself knocking at the doors of the Catholic Church for admission my conversion began at that moment. I had seized the principle which authorizes faith in the supernatural."

Brownson was more annoyed than happy when the articles which he was publishing in Protestant magazines were reprinted in Catholic magazines. This injured his standing with Protestant editors, who were likewise annoyed. Brownson didn't like the kind of people Catholics were, even though he did believe in their doctrines. Besides

to his advanced mind Catholicism in spite of the truth of its doctrines, seemed moldy while Protestantism appeared to be so magnetic. How could he compromise when he could not believe in Protestantism and could not help believing in Catholicism. If only he could have the Catholic Church without the Pope! Or better still if he could only form a church which would kidnap Catholic doctrines from the Church of Rome.

Many of these ideas were published in Brownson's own successful publishing venture, "The Brownson Quarterly Review," which enjoyed a good literary reputation in particular New England of that day.

Brownson enjoyed the literal worship of a young student named Isaac Hecker. Hecker liked Brownson's ideas so well that they led him not only to the Catholic Church but into the ranks of the Redemptorists as well, to become a priest. Brownson's last defense went down with Hecker's defection and finally he was forced to apply to the Catholic Church for instructions. He applied to Bishop Fenwick who told him, "I have followed your work closely, Mr. Brownson. Why are you not a Catholic?"

Brownson replied that he had hesitated because his conversion would prove all Protestants wrong and he wanted them to be saved. To which the Bishop replied, "God is just and you may leave your Protestant friends in His hands, Mr. Brownson. Besides, just because they break the Order which He established is no good reason for you to remain in error and neglect to save yourself."

Brownson was turned over to Bishop Fitzpatrick for instructions. The two did not get on very well together, but that was nothing unusual for Brownson, who never got on well with anyone—but Sally. Nevertheless he loved his friends dearly even when he quarreled with them and it pained him cruelly when some of them decided they preferred to be enemies.

Brownson was at the peak of his fame when he joined the Catholic Church and brought in with him his

wife and children. He was 41 and a literary giant. His quarterly review was highly thought of in literary circles. From it he drew his subsistence. Would he have to give up the quarterly with his conversion? Would it survive teaching Catholic doctrines in place of Protestant ideas? That decision was up to the subscribers. The Church Fathers, knowing Brownson's idealism and radicalism combined, were a little afraid of what his truculence in print might do, to what lengths he might go in defense of his opinions. They knew that they had a genius both as a writer and theologian on their hands in the new convert, but they were keenly aware of the problems which his conversion posed.

Even while it was feared that the Quarterly must go Brownson was blithe and happy in his new-found religion and peace of mind. He really enjoyed his conversion. "It is not easy to describe the sensations of relief a convert from Protestantism feels on coming into the Church, and knowing that he has a religion that can sustain him instead of needing him to sustain it," he wrote.

The poor man lost most of his Protestant friends and made very few Catholic ones, except among the clergy and the faithful Father Hecker. When asked if he had found that his conversion led to a bed of roses he replied graphically, "No, spikes." The truth of the matter was, however, that most of the spikes were of his own forging. Nevertheless he enjoyed his new religion and it sustained him, no matter how much he disagreed with its other adherents. His chief disappointment however was that he had failed to bring in any number of followers as he had expected. He had dreamed of founding a movement by which hundreds, if not thousands, of learned Protestants would follow his example. There were many who believed in the Catholic Church as much as he did, but they lacked the courage that Brownson possessed. The only trouble was that when his friends failed to follow him into the Church he turned against Protestants and

termed them all heretics or worse. It was a battle royal in which Brownson sustained wounds but remained on his feet.

From his battle with the Protestants Brownson turned his attention to the problems posed by the mass immigration of Irishmen who were pouring into the country. They too were Catholics, but such uneducated ones and in Brownson's opinion undesirable ones. He wanted to keep Catholicism in America on a high literary and philosophical plane. The Irish needed no philosophy for the practice of their religion. They went on Faith alone and found it sufficient unto their needs.

Brownson put his foot so deeply into the Irish immigrant question that he found it hard to pull it out. The Irish were no pushovers and they fought back, sometimes through the laity and sometimes through the clergy. Van Wyck Brooks summed the matter up graphically when he declared that "Brownson was too Catholic for the Yankees and too Yankee for the Catholics." When Brownson felt certain that he was defending the Irish, the Irish considered that he was insulting them and oftentimes he was without realizing it. He did not understand them and they did not understand him. It was his controversy with the Irish that caused Brownson to lose another coveted post of literary honor. Cardinal Newman, after the conclusion of a stiff encounter with Brownson, offered him a chair of philosophy at Dublin University, but the offer had to be withdrawn when all things were considered. There was no telling what might happen with Brownson living among the Irish in Ireland.

In spite of all the trouble in which Brownson was involved he did a great deal of good with his pen and superior mind. He was allowed to continue publishing the *Quarterly Review* on the condition that he submit each issue to Bishop Fitzpatrick before publication in order to check any theological errors or causes of controversy. With this cautionary supervision the *Review* served an excellent purpose in Catholic letters. In 1849 Brownson received an honor

which he richly deserved. At the Seventh Provincial Council at Baltimore twenty-four ranking prelates signed a letter of approval for his literary fight in favor of Catholicism in the *Brownson Quarterly Review*. So happy was the overly zealous Brownson at this unparalleled episcopal favor that each issue of the *Review* thereafter carried a reprint of the letter. It was at least one crumb of comfort for a man with the best of intentions even when he was wrong.

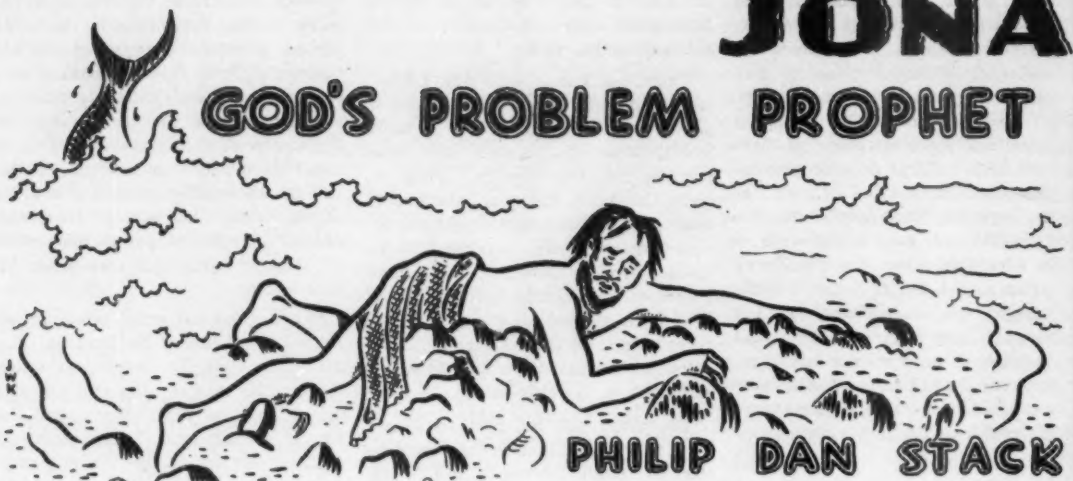
When personal grief piled up on Brownson, followed by financial disaster the Catholic clergy was quick to go to his rescue. His one son was killed in the Civil War while a second son died of illness sustained while in service of the Union Army. In addition, he himself was afflicted with a painful form of gout. In spite of his affliction, however, he managed to turn out a tremendous amount of literary work.

When the *Ave Maria* magazine was founded in the year 1865 Brownson was invited to write for it. He turned in many a valued manuscript dealing with the philosophical principles underlying popular Catholic practices. His work also went to *The Catholic World* and *The Tablet*.

Brownson formed a deep and lasting devotion to the Blessed Virgin, after which it seemed to observers that he toned down considerably, was less arrogant and more patient. His arrogance, however, was all on the surface. Those who knew him well knew that underneath he was a very humble man. What looked like arrogance may have been caused by his lack of formal education and his feeling of insecurity on touchy philosophical problems, together with the fear that others more educated than he were looking down on his opinions because of his lack of education. No man knew better than he did how glaring are the defects of self-education, no matter how brilliant.

When Brownson's Sally died in 1872 his life was practically ruined. He had loved her devotedly and was lost without her, especially as he

(Continued on page 61)



**G**OD has chosen many characters to play in His great drama of the human race; some pass across the stage and are seen no more while others live on forever in the minds of men. A great number stage their act without a flaw, faultlessly; others muff their lines. Nevertheless, each plays his part, some well, some perhaps, not so well; and the divine drama continues till the curtain falls on the final scene.

We often wonder what God sees in a particular person that He should choose him in preference to many others to play a leading role. Perhaps it is because that person is so utterly human—human in the applied sense of the word—and has all of the foibles and idiosyncrasies of fallen human nature to make him a natural character. He stumbles and gets his bearing again, he falls and picks himself up, he complains and he wants to quit, but at length he does his job and consequently the end is accomplished.

Such a 'character' is Jona, and precisely because of this fact is he so interesting to us. Very little is known of him and yet he seems so close to us. He seems to come into the picture from out of nowhere, then just as mysteriously takes his leave. He is probably the most interesting of the minor prophets as

he captivates our interest only to leave us without adieu. He does so little, yet leaves a lasting moral.

The name of Jona (Yona—'dove'), outside of the book bearing his name and passages referring to it, is found in the Old Testament only in 4 Kings 14:25, where we read that the borders of Israel were restored "according to the word of the Lord, the God of Israel, which He spoke by His servant Jona, the son of Amittay, the prophet from Gath-hefer." With many good authors we assume the identity of this Jona with the son of Amittay mentioned in the opening paragraph of our book: "Now the word of Jehovah came unto Jona the son of Amittay."<sup>1</sup> Other than that he was the son of Amittay and from Gath-hefer, nothing is known for certain of his background.<sup>2</sup> According to Jewish tradition, however, he was the son of the woman of Zaraphath who entertained Elias, and it was he who was restored to life by the prophet. Proof that Jona was the son of the widow of Zarephath, of Elias fame, is lacking in Scripture, but the story is quite consonant with the fact that Elias was a contemporary of Jeroboam the Second, in whose time Jona was prophesying. Jewish tradition would further have it that Jona was a non-Jew, for the Scriptures say that Elias took the

corpse of the boy in his arms; had the boy been a Jew Elias would have profaned himself in touching the dead body. However, this tradition can hardly be upheld since Jona himself, when asked concerning his nationality said, "I am a Hebrew." Many other legends are told about this mysterious character, as is the case with other personalities; but let us get on with our story.

"Now the word of Jehovah came unto Jona, the son of Amittay, saying, 'Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and denounce it; for their wickedness is come up before me'" (Jona 1:1-2). To denounce such a notorious city as Nineveh was not an easy task, especially not for one of peevish temperament like Jona. But Jehovah had given His command and Jona, His servant, must obey—or else. . . . What was he to do? He would have been quite willing to preach the word of God to his own people for he knew them and he knew their ways, but for Nineveh—the prospects didn't look so good. He had heard of the evil fame of this city. A fine chance he, an insignificant prophet from Gath-hefer, would stand in forcing penance upon the fabulous Ninevites, who did not even know his own God's name. Upon second thought he would be lucky if he escaped with his life. He would give his time and labor to

the service of God, but his life? He must do something, and quick.

### Flight to Disaster

"And Jona arose to flee to Tarshish from the presence of Jehovah" (Jona 1:3). The Tarshish to which Jona had in mind to go was, in all probability, the Phoenician colony in Spain situated near the modern straits of Gibraltar. Yet there were other Tarshishes to which Jona might have intended to sail; there was a Tarshish in Sicily and the Tarshish otherwise known as Carthage. Whichever might have been the Tarshish of Jona's destination, it is to be noted that they are all west of Gath-hefer and Jahve had ordered Jona to go east. It is true, Jona "arose" as he was bidden, but he took the opposite direction. His hope was that once away from Palestine he would no longer be subject to divine commands, and the farther from Palestine and from Nineveh the better.

With due haste Jona traveled to Joppa, where he found a ship about to sail for Tarshish. But before he could present himself as a tourist engrossed in worldly interests he had to make some alterations. First of all he must rid himself of his prophetic garment of skin and hair and attire himself in accordance with the style of the day. Next he must get a hair cut and have his beard trimmed in proper fashion. After this was done he had to provide himself with victuals and drink to carry him through the journey. We may be sure that Jona made a special effort to select "unclean" food, for a strictly Jewish diet would immediately throw suspicion on him. One might also be quite certain that all he brought along to drink was not water; how else explain why he slept through such a frightful storm and why his pagan shipmates so disliked tossing him into the sea. Had he not tasted and given the others a taste from the abundance of the cup of good cheer? But we are getting ahead of our story.

"And he paid the fare, and went on board" (Jona 1.3). Here Jona might easily have made a fatal slip were it not for the accompanying

circumstances. He paid his passage-money in advance, contrary to the usual custom, which did not require payment until the conclusion of the voyage. But he had spent the time before the boat took sail in one of the many taverns found in every port of every age, and as those who have been drinking are generally quite flush with their money, the captain accepted his money and Jona's slip was overlooked.

The boat took to sea and Jona could feel the air clear as he watched the land disappear behind him. Yes, he was leaving Israel behind and with Israel he was also leaving Israel's God (so he thought). The distance between him and Nineveh was increasing as the ship slowly made its way across the motionless expanse of blue. Seeing nothing but water and breathing deeply of the fresh and invigorating air, a complacent feeling came over him. He took a stroll around the deck and talked and drank congenially with the pagan crew. At length the effects of the strenuous day made themselves felt, and he went down into the hold and fell sound asleep.

### The Storm

True, Jona was now a good distance from Joppa, but he was not forgotten by Jahve. For the Lord "hurled a great wind upon the sea, so that there was a great storm at sea; and the ship was in danger of being broken in pieces" (Jona 1:4). This storm did not come on in an ordinary way, nor was it of ordinary violence, for the hardened mariners were immediately afraid and began praying to their gods for help; at the same time they threw the ship's cargo overboard to lighten it so that chances of surviving would be greater. The fury of the storm increased rather than lessened and all on the boat, except Jona who was fast asleep, greatly feared for their lives.

Excitedly the captain ran down to the hold of the ship where Jona was sleeping, and shaking him violently said, "What are you doing, sound asleep? Arise, call upon your God! Perhaps your God will give a

thought to us so we won't perish." Note that the captain did not know that Jona was a Hebrew as he does not bid him to pray to Jehovah but simply to "your God." So far the fleeing prophet had played his part well.

Up on deck the sailors had taken matters into their own hands and had decided to cast lots to find out on whose account the disaster had come upon them. The lot fell upon Jona. At once they ran down to the bottom of the ship where the weary captain was making a desperate effort to put Jona into a praying mood. Before Jona could decide whether this was a nightmare or the real thing questions were being fired at him from all sides. "What's your business? From where do you hail? What country do you come from? Your nationality?" Jona shook his head, tried to collect his thoughts; the violent tossing caused by the storm was contributing nothing to clear thinking. He looked up with doleful eyes at the crew and said, "I am a Hebrew. And I fear Jehovah, the God of heaven, who made the sea and the dry land" (Jona 1:9). Dry land—those words sounded as music to his ears. Little time to entertain such pleasant thoughts, however, for immediately came another question and this one required serious thinking. Anxious lest they all should perish, the sailors asked, "What shall we do to you that the sea may be calm for us?"

### Cast Overboard

At this point the tenor of our story changes, for now the man Jona seems to assume another personality. Whether it was despair or heroism we cannot say, but boldly facing the furious crew he said, "Lift me up and hurl me into the sea, and the sea will be calm to you" (Jona 1.12). Indeed a bold statement; and for a moment the hearts of the salt-bitten crew jumped to their throats and then sank again. Even a crew of men such as these could not quite see themselves deliberately throwing a man into such an angry, relentless sea. To avoid such a heartless thing they made a last desperate attempt to return to

shore. Every man took to the oars and rowed with all his strength, but the sea became more and more stormy against them and they were forced to abandon further effort. There seemed to be no alternative. The pagan sailors had prayed to Jona's God, Jehovah, but their prayers were to no avail. There was but one thing left to do and that was to sacrifice, and Jona was the object of the sacrifice. In haste the whole ship prepared for the "throw." We can picture the scene as four burly sailors take hold of Jona, one at each arm and one at each leg. "We're sorry old man, but..." At the count of three they give Jona a mighty fling and in another moment he is in the midst of the mountainous waves, and then all is calm.

Even before Jona had been sent to his salty bath Jehovah had begun to turn evil into good. While the storm was yet raging the pagan sailors had recognized the superior power of the God of the Hebrews and had abandoned their own impotent deities. Now that the sea had become calm miraculously by merely throwing Jona into it, these pagan mariners feared Jehovah the more. Not content with a mere profession of faith they offered a sacrifice to the Lord and made vows.

#### Jona Dies

When the sailors again concerned themselves about Jona he was not to be seen. The first great wave that struck him had carried him afar off and buried him at the bottom of the sea. Knocked unconscious by its great impact he now lay near the gates of Hades, no longer the rebellious Jona of old but completely in the merciful hands of Jehovah. There is now little life left in the drowning prophet. Jona is dead.

"And Jehovah appointed a great fish to swallow Jona; and Jona was in the fish's belly three days and three nights. And Jehovah spoke



**For the Lord "hurled a great wind upon the sea, so that there was a great storm at sea: and the ship was in danger of being broken in pieces."**

unto the fish, and it vomited out Jona upon the dry land" (Jona 2:1-2; 2:11).<sup>3</sup>

That Jona actually died undoubtedly may sound quite revolutionary. However, upon careful examination of his canticle we find sufficient grounds for our conclusion.<sup>4</sup> To begin with, there is absolutely nothing in the canticle which would give one the impression that it was composed in the belly of a fish, in fact, there is not a word in it about the fish. To all appearances it is a thanksgiving psalm of one who was in great danger and had received a special favor from God. It closely resembles some of the other votive-psalms found in other parts of the Bible, e.g., Pss. 34, 52, 54, and 59, which speak of the psalmist in one sort of predicament or other and which were written when the singer, at the tabernacle or temple, offered his thanksgiving-sacrifice and made the votive offerings promised in time of distress. Certainly, had Jona sung this canticle when in the belly of the fish, he would have made mention of the fish, for being in the belly of a fish is not an everyday occurrence and such an environment would most naturally have had some effect on his composition. Yet the

canticle speaks only of past danger and suffering and indicates the feeling of one who is now in complete safety; it is very doubtful whether Jona would have had such a feeling in the belly of a fish. Also, from verses 5, 8, and 10 of the psalm it is evident that the thought that is uppermost in his mind is that of being allowed to come again into the temple alive. Nor would Jona have been able to offer sacrifice, as verse 10 says he does, if he were in the belly of the fish. Moreover, the perfect style of the hymn shows that it was not written under duress.

Is it not likely to suppose that when Christ gave the "sign of Jona" as an illustration of His own death

and resurrection that He was giving a true sign? When the scribes and Pharisees asked Him for a sign He said, "A wicked and adulterous generation is seeking a sign; but a sign shall not be given it, other than the sign of Jona the prophet. For as Jona was in the belly of the whale three days and three nights, even so shall the Son of Man be in the heart of the earth three days and three nights. The men of Nineveh shall rise up at the judgment with this generation and shall condemn it: for they repented at the preaching of Jona, and behold there is more than a Jona here" (Matt. 12:38-41). We know that Christ was actually dead when He was laid in the grave and so if we are to hold to an exact parallel in Jona, we must also conclude that Jona was dead when swallowed by the whale.

Other expressions such as, "From the belly of Sheol I cried out" (Jona 2:3), and, "Yet thou didst bring my life up from the pit" (Jona 2:7), would also seem to indicate that Jona had actually suffered death.

It was on the third day of Jona's lifeless stay in the fish's belly that Jehovah worked the great miracle of restoring him to land and life. To say the least, Jona must have been

very thankful upon awakening and finding himself on good, solid, dry earth. Dry earth—little did he realize, when, three days before, the sailors were preparing to throw him into the raging sea, that such a pleasant sight would ever greet his eyes again.<sup>5</sup>

#### Back on the Job

Hardly had Jona time to appreciate the warm sunshine about him and the solid ground beneath him when the word of Jehovah came to him a second time. "Arise, go to Nineveh, that great city, and denounce the denunciation which I am about to tell thee" (Jona 3:2). Jona was in no frame of mind to denounce anybody right then but he had learned from experience that Jehovah's word must be obeyed. This time he made haste to carry out the mission that previously he tried so hard to evade.

A glance at his clothing, what little was left, told him that he must seek new attire before he could preach in public. Yes, his leather money-bag strapped around his waist was still there; so he started for the nearest town in quest of different clothes. However, this time his eye was not peeled for the sport togs of the wealthy tourist; no, the humble garb of Jehovah's prophet now sufficed. After a good meal and a bath he felt quite refreshed and continued his journey to Nineveh.

The day was bright and cheery but heavy upon Jona's mind was the thought of the dangerous mission that he was entering upon. As he walked along the dusty caravan road he contemplated his method of attack. These Ninevites were rough people; accordingly they had best be treated rough. The great city lay just ahead of him and there was no turning back now. With all the courage he could muster he began the last lap.

As Jona entered Nineveh's gates he assumed an air of confidence and superiority. Walking through the streets he shouted, "Yet three days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown" (Jona 3:4).<sup>6</sup> These were strong words, but Jona meant what he said and prayed that Jehovah would have

no mercy on these sinful people who were the cause of all his trouble. As he walked through the city his threats became more violent and he was beginning to feel quite self-assured, even surprised that his hearers did not rebel against his audacity.

But Jona was most surprised when the wicked Ninevites began to take his words to heart and repent for their sins by proclaiming a fast and clothing themselves in sackcloth, indeed quite a novel sort of attire for such people as were accustomed to indulging in the finest things of life. "And the tidings reached the king of Nineveh; and he arose from his throne and took off his mantle, and covered himself with sackcloth and sat in ashes. And he had proclamation made and said: 'In Nineveh, by decree of the king and his nobles: Let neither man nor beast, herd nor flock taste anything: let them neither graze nor drink water. But let them be clothed with sackcloth, both man and beast, and let them cry mightily to God; and let every one turn from his evil way, and from the violence that is in their hands. Who knoweth but that God may turn and have pity, and turn from the heat of His anger, that we may not perish'" (Jona 3:6-9).

#### Querulous to the End

The three days prophesied by Jona were drawing to a close and there was still no evidence that his prophecy was going to ring true. What would the Ninevites do to him, he thought, if they decided that he was tricking them? Three days in sackcloth and ashes had not been a treat. Once again the dreadful thought of being tortured and killed obsessed the prophet's mind. Then again, if by chance he did come out of this ordeal with his life, what would the people back home say when they found out that he had gone all the way to Nineveh only to prophecy falsely to the people? It seemed that no matter which way he looked at it he was a ruined man.

With these thoughts in mind he became very angry and prayed to Jehovah saying, "I beseech Thee, O Jehovah, is not this what I said

while I was yet on my own soil? Consequently I sought to forestall it by fleeing to Tarshish, because I know that Thou art a God gracious and compassionate, slow to anger and plenteous in mercy, and repenting of evil. And now, O Jehovah, take, I pray, my life from me; for it is better for me to die than to live" (Jona 4:2-3). We can be sure that Jona had other reasons for fleeing to Tarshish than that he knew that God would have compassion on the Ninevites anyway. But that he now wanted to die, we need not doubt. Jona was in a bad way, a very bad way; death would be the easiest way out.

However, there was still a tissue of hope left as the three days were not quite accomplished. Clinging desperately to the last fading shadow of hope, Jona went out of the city to await its destruction. The day was hot; Jona was tired longing only for rest. In compassion Jehovah caused a gourd to grow up over his weary servant. At the favor Jona was much pleased and soon was fast asleep.

But with the new day came new sorrow. The vine had disappeared, the sun was scorching. And there before him the great and glorious city of Nineveh was gleaming splendidly in the morning sunlight. It was now plainly evident that his prophecy had come to nought. Jehovah had not only made a liar of him but had also taken away his shade, the last bit of comfort that had been left him. Jona turned his face to the ground and vowed his soul to death. "It is better for me to die than to live" (Jona 4:8).

#### The Moral

Then Jehovah spoke to Jona and said, "Is it right for thee to be angry on account of the gourd?" (Jona 4:9). This time Jona was not to be appeased; in his indignation he replied, "It is indeed right for me to be angry, even unto death" (Jona 4:9). Such irreverence is hardly becoming a prophet of God but Jehovah overlooked the incident to teach Jona a lesson. And Jehovah said, "Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for which thou hast not toiled nor made it grow; which grew in a

night and perished in a night. But I, on my part, should I not have pity on the great city of Nineveh, wherein are more than six score thousand human beings who know not the right hand from the left, besides many beasts?" (Jona 4: 10-11)

To this kindly remonstrance Jona had no retort. In fact, we hear no more of Jona at all. We do not know where he went from here, how he spent the rest of his life, or how he died; but we can imagine that God took His problem prophet by the hand, as it were, and led him back victoriously to his home in Gath-hefer. Jona had learned the hard way that God's will must be done and in Him are all things made possible.

Thus Jona played his role in the great drama of life. Perhaps he did not play his part too well, but nevertheless he played it, and in the end God's plan triumphed.

<sup>1</sup>All quotations from Sacred Scripture in this essay are from *The Westminster Version of the Sacred Scriptures*, edited by The Rev. Cuthbert Lattey, S.J.; this accounts for the unusual spelling of certain proper names.

<sup>2</sup>Gath-hefer is said in Jos. 19:13 to be in the territory of Zabulon. St. Jerome identifies it with Dio-

caesare, which is a place situated a short way from Tiberias, but modern authors prefer to identify it with Meshed, a place three miles north-east of Nazareth.

<sup>3</sup>In the Bible this last sentence is found after the canticle of Jona; but we prefer to follow the opinion given in *The Westminster Version of The Book of Jona*, that originally it was placed before the canticle; cf. p. 8.

<sup>4</sup>To facilitate the argument we quote the canticle in full:

In my distress I called unto Jehovah,  
And he answered me.  
From the belly of Sheol I cried out,  
And thou didst hear my voice.  
Thou didst throw me into the deep,  
Into the heart of the seas,  
And the flood surrounded me;  
All thy breakers and thy billows  
Passed over me.

And I indeed said:

'I am cast out of the sight of thine eyes:  
Howbeit again I look  
At thy holy temple.

The waters encompassed me—even to my soul:

The deep surrounded me.  
Seaweed was wrapped about my head:  
I went down to the limits of Hades,  
To a land whose bolts  
Are eternal locks,  
Yet thou didst bring my life up from the pit,  
Jehovah, my God.

When my soul fainted within me,  
I remembered Jehovah;  
And my prayer came unto thee  
Into thy holy temple.  
Those who regard lying vanities  
Forsake their mercy.  
But I with a voice of thanksgiving  
Offer sacrifice to thee:  
I pay what I have vowed.  
Salvation belongeth to Jehovah.

<sup>5</sup>In answer to those who say that it is impossible for a whale to swallow a full grown man, and furthermore, that there are no whales in the Mediterranean Sea, Father W. McEntergart, Professor of Cosmology and Physics at Heythrop College, England, has the following to say, "A well authenticated report of a whale in whose stomach a ten-foot shark was found intact, besides furnishing additional information of the range of creatures included in this whale's diet, furnishes the most positive evidence of its capacity to swallow a mass which must have exceeded the proportions of a fully grown man. To those who are interested in the story of the prophet Jona it is noteworthy that the Sperm Whale (which is the whale referred to above) is known to occur in the Mediterranean." Cf. Lattey, *The Book of Jona*, p. xxxiii.

<sup>6</sup>Many versions, including the Douay version of the Holy Bible, have forty days instead of three. However, the Septuagint and Old Latin have three days which seems more probable in view of the almost imminent doom that Jona proclaimed for Nineveh. Also, the rest of the text does not seem to indicate that Jona waited forty days to witness the destruction of Nineveh.

## OUR THREATENED CIVILIZATION

(Continued from page 34)

This situation is not, as the apologists for Individualism claim, the inevitable one to be expected in a postwar period. In the great so-called prosperity of 1929, the year which was proclaimed to have been the most prosperous of all up to that time, we find this "prosperity" largely a myth so far as the common man was concerned. A most authoritative survey made in that year revealed that 6,000,000 families, or 21% of the nation's total, had an income less than \$1000 per year. 12,000,000 families, or 42% of the total, had less than \$1500 annual in-

come; while 20,000,000, or about 71%, had less than \$2500. At the other extreme one finds about 600,000 families, or 2.3% of the total number of families in the nation, had an income in excess of \$10,000. Worse yet, so far as distributive justice is concerned, 0.1% of the families, representing those at the top, received almost as much of the total national income as the 42% of the families at the bottom of the heap.

This is a most convincing, but also a most shocking, proof that the

fruits of our national production are not distributed justly. This maldistribution of the nation's earnings has caused the majority to lag pitifully in social advances.

To cure this condition we must begin to integrate our high degree of technology with social progress. We must re-clarify human values. We must make our industry serve the needs of our community, instead of permitting it to enslave the community. We must replace the unholy trinity of the modern era with the Holy Trinity of the ages eternal.

**THE LIFE OF CHRIST.** Giuseppe Ricciotti, translated by A. I. Zizzamia. Bruce. 703 pp. \$7.50.

This amazingly accurate history of the life of Christ, including a technically complete analysis of the times and circumstances, has the benefit, most welcome to any average reader, of being extremely well-written, and of having suffered no loss in the process of translation. It will be most welcome, both to those who are interested purely in an authoritative life of Christ and to the scholar who is anxious for a correct interpretation of the effect of the times on the Saviour and His followers.

The book is divided into two sections, the first 203 pages being devoted to such necessary background material as a study of the country, a chronicle of the reign of Herod the Great, his predecessors and successors, a study of the makeup and character of the groups of Scribes, Pharisees, Saducees, and other Jewish organizations, a description of the temple, and many other important factors in Christ's time. This section shows plainly that the author did much thorough research in preparation for the writing of the book. The second section is devoted entirely to studying the life of Our Lord, explaining His actions in the light of the customs and circumstances already surveyed, and developing the picture of His effect on His surroundings. Very thorough and painstaking, the facts presented are not distorted, and in fact are made quite clear.

On the whole, this book, called one of the best to date in its field, is certainly highly recommended for all Catholics. No one should overlook it. Indeed a much longer and more thorough analysis and study of the book would be in order here, but for the fact that space prohibits.

Joseph Miller

**THE CHRISTIAN CHURCHES OF THE EAST.** Donald Attwater. Bruce. Vol. I \$4.00; Vol. II \$4.00.

There is little doubt in the minds of most scholars, that Donald Attwater is one of the outstanding au-



thorities on the churches of the East; this fact was clearly evidenced by his earlier books, "The Catholic Eastern Churches", and "Dissident Eastern Churches", which gave thorough and complete coverage to the matter under discussion. Now Mr. Attwater has revised these earlier books and reissued them in a two volume series, of which the first deals with Uniates, the second with Orthodox.

Very little is to be said about this edition that was not said before. True, the author has added a number of facts and statistics which have changed in recent years, and which in fact, make up a primary reason for the work. He has omitted many out-dated or useless facts which were contained in the first version, but there have been no fundamental changes.

As to the content of the work: Volume I deals with the Uniates or Eastern Catholics in communion with Rome, and presents a very thorough study of their background, their rites, their customs. It

stresses the fact that we must never look down on the Uniates, for they are just as Catholic as are we ourselves. Volume II deals with the Orthodox, or Separated, Catholics, stressing the fact that these branches are not mitigated protestants, but Catholics, professing the Catholic faith, but separated from Rome, the center of unity.

The books contain a good deal of History, Theology, and kindred subjects, but primarily they will serve as a handy statement of the relationship of the various churches of the East to Rome, setting forth their beliefs and practices with clarity and justice.

Joseph Miller

**ST. BENEDICT'S RULE OF MONASTERIES**, translated from the Latin by Leonard J. Doyle, Secular Oblate of St. John's Abbey, St. John's Abbey Press, Collegeville, Minnesota. \$2.00.

This translation of the Holy Rule was made from the third edition of the text as edited by Dom Cuthbert Butler, O.S.B., Abbot of Downside Abbey in England 1935.

A translation from Abbot Butler's critical-practical Latin edition of 1935 was made by Dom Justin McCann, O.S.B., of Ampleforth Abbey, England, and published in 1937 by the nuns of Stanbrook Abbey, Worcester, England. Dom McCann's translation, while excellent, preserved the archaic "thee" and "thou" of older English translations. It was the effort to escape the vagueness and antiqueness of the old archaic forms, and render the text in modern American language, that prompted the undertaking of a new translation. The style of the language has kept to the literary rather than the colloquial Americanese.

The translation will appeal to the scholar, because it is taken from the Latin of Dom Cuthbert Butler's critico-practical edition of the Rule, a work of great scholarship. Of interest to the scholar, if not the casual Catholic reader, is the fact that the Latin text of Dom Butler was based upon one of the oldest manuscripts and the most reliable

extant, entitled by students of the Rule as *Codex Sangallensis*. This codex is, it seems, a transcription of a copy of the original manuscript written at Monte Cassino.

Previous editions generally carried the more familiar title, "*Regula Monachorum*", Rule for Monks; but Dom Butler as well as the German scholar, Dom Benno Lindebauer now have "*Regula Monasteriorum*" Rule for Monasteries. Ildefonse Cardinal Schuster in a recent commentary on the Rule defends this latter title as the more authentic and as significant in showing that the Holy Rule of St. Benedict was intended by the Holy See as a guide for all the monasteries.

The translation by Mr. Doyle is richly annotated so that the student may compare in the footnotes the places in the text where the Received version differs from other texts of the Rule. The division of the text into sections for table reading, and the furnishing of the Scriptural texts sources in footnotes makes this work a very valuable one for monasteries and convents. Its readability will make it very popular with the secular oblates.

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

**SAINT ELIZABETH.** Anne Seesholtz. Philosophical Library. \$2.75.

Perhaps the most interesting matter in Miss Seesholtz' book is the familiarity she demonstrates with German music. This reviewer, for instance was fascinated by the account, in chapter 2, which demonstrates how the opera, *Tannhauser*, is connected with the story of the Saint. Again the frequent reference to local and national folk music, with an eye to the effect of showing the relationship between the music and those who made most use of it, is good. In her musical knowledge, Miss Seesholtz has added much to the life of St. Elizabeth.

On the whole, however, this will never be recognized as a great example of biography. It's faults are too numerous and varied. First, the book is entirely too short, presenting at best a summary of the royal saint's life; secondly, what there is

of the book is devoted almost as completely to a general history of Hungary, Thuringia, Austria, etc., as it is to the ostensible subject; thirdly, even that part of the book which deals with Elizabeth continually tries to tell the reader what were her thoughts, ideas, secret hopes, and plans. Ordinarily this last would not be too objectionable, did not the author tell a completely factual story elsewhere, adding imaginative details only at spots.

We do see in the book a portrayal of a happy married life, and an admirable picture of a woman who was much abused. The history contained in it is interesting, though there is too much for the good of the book, though not enough for clarity otherwise. The style is interestingly captivating, and the technique of telling the story is good.

Joseph Miller

**THE SEVEN STOREY MOUNTAIN** by Thomas Merton. Harcourt, Brace, & Co., 383 Madison Ave., New York City.

A friend of mine, a newspaper reporter, sent me a copy of *The Seven Storey Mountain*. He told me that it is one of the best books that he has read in a long time. And I agree with him.

If you are curious to know what goes on in the inside of a young man of today as he decides what to do with his life, especially one who led such a full and worldly life as Thomas Merton, then you will thoroughly enjoy this autobiography.

This book is also a splendid example of how a man can write about the most sordid things that happen in life and yet write them in such a way that they cannot be an occasion of sin for the reader as are the usual best-sellers of today. Thomas Merton has the beginnings of a modern Augustine in so far as his youth was squandered seeking the pleasures of the world and the flesh, and now he is the prodigal son who has put away the husks of swine for the bread of angels. May it inspire those who read it to improve their lives, even if they will not become monks!

Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

## HAVE YOU HEARD CHRIST'S CALL

by Rev. Godfrey Poage, C.P.

Catholic Information Society, 214 West 31st St., New York 1, N.Y. Price 25¢ (Discount on quantity orders)

The name of the author of this new booklet on vocation is familiar to every Priest, Brother, and Sister. He is Father Godfrey Poage of the Passionists. His previous booklets, one for boys: *Follow Me\**; and one for girls: *Follow Him\**, have made his name well known among the writers of vocational pamphlets.

What youth will like most about this booklet is that it has 90 action photographs of priests, brothers, and nuns. They can see at a glance that giving one's life completely to God is not a sad and heart-rending lot, but that there is a great deal of fun to it also. And Heaven at the end!

Both booklets: *FOLLOW ME*, and *FOLLOW HIM* have been reprinted by The Grail, St. Meinrad, Indiana. These may be obtained in quantity lots for 15¢ a copy. Formerly they sold at 50¢ a copy. The Grail is the sole distributor of these two booklets of 64 pages each containing many action pictures and a directory of seminaries, monasteries, and convents. Mail 25¢ to The Grail, St. Meinrad for a sample set, one of each booklet.

**FOLLOW ME** by Godfrey Poage, C.P.

**FOLLOW HIM** by Godfrey Poage, C.P.

Published exclusively by The Grail, St. Meinrad, Indiana. 15¢ each.

Our Blessed Mother asked for the conversion of sinners at Fatima; that people change their lives and do better. So many people in Portugal heeded Our Lady's request that there are not enough priests to staff the parishes or Sisters for the schools. In the diocese of Lisbon alone there are 141 parishes without a priest. One pastor of a church in Lisbon told me that he has 50,000 people in his parish and he has but

three other priests to help him. Most of these people need instruction in the catechism. It is an almost impossible task.

If Americans heed the request of Our Lady to change their lives and conform to the Ten Commandments, if all the fallen-away Catholics come back to the Church, if the 70 million Americans who attend no church at all would enter the Catholic Church, where would the priests and Sisters be to take care of them?

That is why Our Lady needs personnel for the conversion of sinners. That is why, more than ever today, young people, boys and girls, ought to study seriously the question as to whether or not they can qualify for a Vocation to the Priesthood or Religious Life. I know that many fellows and girls just take it for granted that they have no Vocation without even giving themselves a chance to find out. One has to learn something about the spiritual life, and not just brush it aside as not for them. For if the Catholic Church had more man-power, a lot more could be accomplished in acquainting these 70 million Americans with the Catholic Church. So, youth, read and study the branches of service in the Church. See if you will not find a place for your talents. Then learn to measure up to the qualifications required. Read especially FOLLOW

ME (for boys and young men) or FOLLOW HIM (for the girls). Remember, *someone* has to devote their lives to the consecrated service of the conversion of sinners and the salvation of souls. Is that *someone* you?

Rev. Paschal Boland, O.S.B.

**THE CONTEMPLATIVE LIFE**, by Julianus Pomerius. Translated by Sister Mary Josephine Suelzer.

The name of Pomerius, the author of this volume of Ancient Christian Writers, is not one with which the ordinary reader of today is acquainted. The title of the work also might tend to frighten some possible readers. But the contents will be found to be very sound and simple. It is not a volume of deep, mystical theology.

The whole is divided into three books, only the first of which is on the contemplative life. Even here the matter is not above the ordinary reader, even though it was written especially for priests. It is shown here how contemplative and active life is to be exercised in the ministry. The idea that Pomerius has of the active and contemplative life does not correspond exactly with the general idea today. For him the active life is the state of the soul which is seeking perfection, whereas the contemplative life is the state of the soul that possesses and en-

joys perfection. Hence it follows that the perfect contemplative life can be had only in heaven, but here below a participation in the spiritual joys of the other life may be had.

The second book concerns those who seek union of the active and contemplative life, showing how they should act towards sinners, how they should use the Church's possessions, and how practice detachment and abstinence. Finally, in the third book, he discusses the various virtues and vices.

The matter as a whole is a faithful echo of St. Augustine, whom our author professes to follow, and makes good spiritual reading for all. The translation seems very well done, and the notes and index add merit to the whole.

Patrick Shaughnessy, O.S.B.

An American is one who believes in the responsibility of privilege. What he asks for himself, he is willing to grant to others; what he demands from others, he is willing to give himself. His creed is not alone, "Live and let live," but, "Live and help live."

The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground.

—Thomas Overbury.

## THE LITERARY LION

(Continued from page 53)

lived with his daughter, Sarah, who took after her father in disposition and temperament far more than she took after her mother. Father Sorin offered the aged author a haven at Notre Dame, as did Father Theabaud at Fordham and those in charge of Seton Hall. Brownson preferred to remain with Sarah in spite of all.

Sarah was his chief adversary in his declining years. She too was an author. Then suddenly to Brownson's consternation Sarah married an aged widower and presented Brownson with a little grand-

daughter. Feeling in the way, finding Sarah insufferable since her marriage, a compliment which Sarah returned, old Orestes took himself off to Detroit to his son Henry. Unfortunately Henry was also a Brownson rather than a Healy and while he loved his father devotedly the two engaged in terrible arguments and there was little peace in the household.

It was when Orestes refused to argue a point on Good Friday in the year 1876 and took to his room and his bed instead, that son Henry knew that his father's condition was serious. He had been ailing since

January. On Easter Sunday he received the Last Sacraments and went to the Heavenly Father on that glorious Feastday, the Heavenly Father who had been so hard to find; for Whom, after he had found Him, Orestes Brownson had fought so hard.

Brownson was buried from St. Anne's Church. Ten years later his body was removed to the crypt of the University Chapel at Notre Dame, where to this day the body of Orestes Brownson, the literary lion and unpredictable editor, lies under the middle aisle.

# ECHOES FROM OUR ABBEY HALLS

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

## Our Keeper of The Bees

On January 21st the monastic community celebrated two events, the feast of St. Meinrad, patronal feast of the abbey, and the diamond jubilee of profession of our Brother Alphonse Veith, O.S.B., the-man-of-all-trades. In his "Idea of A University" Cardinal Newman condemns the narrow-minded specialist who is expert in one field of human knowledge, and who eats, sleeps, and talks nothing else. But by no stretch of the imagination can our Brother Alphonse ever be called a specialist although he knows a great deal about bees. In Benedictine houses, especially in the Brother department, it is hard for a man to be a narrow-minded specialist. The Benedictine Brother must be ready to turn his mind and hands to any new work obedience calls him to. In the pioneer days of St. Meinrad when work was manifold and Brothers were few this was more true than today.

Only a few months after Brother Alphonse's arrival at St. Meinrad, June 1887, the entire abbey and seminary burned to the ground.



Brother Alphonse Veith, O.S.B.

Brother's first assignment was to clear away the charred wreckage and help in the work of reconstruction. Work on the new college began in 1888, and by 1890 the students moved in. Brother Alphonse was then employed to dress stone for the new monastery. Serious illness interrupted this employment in 1896. Afterwards Brother devoted most of his time to services in the abbey and seminary dining room, a humble but necessary work. About this time, according to Brother Alphonse, Father Stephen Stenger, O.S.B., whose hobby was bee keeping was called to St. Joseph's Church, Jasper, Ind. to assist Fr. Fidelis Maute, O.S.B., pioneer pastor of that parish. Brother Alphonse then acquired a new job; he became keeper of the bees, and for half a century Brother has titillated the palates of the monks and students with honey for breakfast ... at least on Sundays.

The bee hives also furnished the wax used in making candles for the altar. Although Brother Alphonse also worked in the abbey printing shop, and for many years in the wine cellar not only as brew master, but also as a fine barrel-maker, he never lost interest in the bee industry. His knowledge of bee keeping is practical rather than theoretical, but he has in the past contributed several articles on bees to one of the monthly magazines devoted to that subject. He is ever ready to talk about bees to anyone who will sit down to listen. I sat down to listen and watched Brother warm to his subject.

"When do the bees produce the most honey?" I asked.

"In rainy weather," he said, "is the best honey-flow time. In 1937, the year of the big floods, we got about 600 pounds of honey."

"What's the average yield?" I inquired.

"Well, if you take the dry seasons when we got so little honey, I would say the average was about 450 to

500 pounds a year."

Brother blamed the poor yield on the quality of clover grown by the farmers in this region.

"The bees don't like red clover," he confided to me.

Brother Alphonse is indeed a versatile man. He not only sweetened our breakfasts with honey, but he learned to repair watches and clocks. It was solely by accident and his own kindness that Brother got started in the clock and watch business. One day Father Henry Hug came to him with a broken watch. So great was Fr. Henry's astonishment and delight at Brother Alphonse's success with it that he urged him to make it a hobby. First with a few home-made tools, and later with some purchased ones Brother Alphonse became an amateur clock and watch repairman. Brother, with the heart of a true artisan, loves a challenge. If you want to get prompt attention on your broken alarm clock the secret is to suggest that possibly it is beyond repair. In record time Brother will bring the clock to you in good running order. His talents in this line run to clocks and watches of larger make. He never bothers with wrist watches. Once, he told me, he repaired the largest clock around the abbey, the big one in the abbey tower.

Brother Alphonse also spent several months as a magazine salesman selling subscriptions to the "Paradieses Fruechte", a St. Meinrad German publication edited for many years by the late Father Luke Gruewe, O.S.B.

Brother Alphonse whose family name is Veith was born Feb. 14, 1867 in Nauvoo, Illinois, a little town on the Mississippi River. It was the heyday of steamboat travel, but Brother probably remembers nothing of the trip down the Mississippi at the age of four to his new home in Lawrence County, Tennessee. In 1886 Brother left home to enter the novitiate of the Precious Blood

Brothers at Carthagena, Ohio; but God wanted him to be a Benedictine; after less than a year at Carthagena he came to St. Meinrad in June 1887, and on Jan. 21, 1889—sixty years ago—made his religious profession. May God bless him and give him many more years among us. His life as a monk seems to say: "Anything worthwhile can be done if you keep at it long enough."

#### The Woodcarver of Inchenhofen

Edmund Walsh in that charming book entitled "The Woodcarver of Tyrol" puts in the mouth of one of his characters, Kaspar Manzel, the Tyrolese woodcarver, these pregnant words: "Man is the child of God; art is the child of man; hence art is the grandchild of God." Our Brother Herman Zwerger, O.S.B., who celebrated his silver jubilee of religious profession December 31, 1948, has lately given to God a remarkably lovely grandchild. It is a statue of St. Joseph with the Child Jesus, carved in heroic size from solid oak, measuring eight feet in height from toe to the crown of the head. The picture of the woodcarver and his work accompanies this article. Later, when finished, the statue will be placed in a suitable grotto on the abbey grounds as a tribute to St. Joseph, our faithful friend and financier.

Brother Herman was born in 1902 at the village of Inchenhofen, a picturesque German town in Bavaria. As a youngster he learned the trade of harness-making and upholstery. After working at his trade in the neighboring towns of Aichach and Peisenberg, he went to Andechs Kloster to become a Benedictine lay brother. He was professed as a monk of Andechs Kloster December 31, 1923.

Four years later in the summer of 1927 Brother Herman left Andechs Kloster in Bavaria to come to the United States transferring his stability as a Benedictine lay brother to the Abbey of St. Meinrad. Like most Benedictine brothers he has worked at many jobs during his more than 21 years in St. Meinrad. Brother Herman has been gardener, assistant chef in the kitchen, upholsterer, woodcarver and brew

master. Since 1933 he has been making our Mass wine and table wine. The elements of brew-making Brother Herman learned from Brother Bruno, the brewmaster of Andechs. The monks of Andechs made no wine, but they brewed a very wholesome beer for their own table use and for sale to neighboring innkeepers. Here at St. Meinrad Brother restricts his talents to wine brewing only, also making cider for regular table use.

The parents of Brother Herman, Xavier and Walburga Zwerger, still live at Inchenhofen where they expect to celebrate their golden wedding anniversary this year. Brother Herman has four sisters, three married, and one a nun, Sister Erhardenia, O.S.F. of the Franciscan Convent at Dillingen in Bavaria. Two of his brothers also became religious lay brothers in Germany; and both were forced to serve in the army during the war. One was killed in action, and the other became a prisoner of war of the Russians. Brother Herman has not seen his family for over twenty-one

years, but has kept in regular contact with them by mail except during the worst period of the late war. May God continue to have many beautiful carved grandchildren from the woodcarver of Inchenhofen, Brother Herman. Ad multos annos!

#### The Singing Heart

An old Spanish proverb says that "A singing heart runs all day long; but a sad heart tires in a mile." Perhaps this is the secret of Brother Philip's longevity in religion, for he celebrated his 74th anniversary of religious profession on Christmas Eve. Think of it—three quarters of a century as a professed Benedictine of St. Meinrad. And Brother Philip is still full of life, of joy and song, for as I passed his room Sunday evening, January 2nd song came through the transom and the partly opened door . . . the strains of Schubert's *Ave Maria* in the quavering tenor of our incomparable nonagenarian.

#### Perpetual Vows of Brother Marion

February 10th the Feast of St. Scholastica, our Brother Marion Brokamp, O.S.B. will take perpetual vows as a lay brother of St. Meinrad. Brother Marion was born of John and Catherine Brokamp in Cincinnati, Ohio, January 11th, 1927. He attended Elder High School in Cincinnati until 1943 when he decided to come to St. Meinrad and become a brother. Father Gualbert Brunsmann, O.S.B., brother instructor at that time, and Brother Timothy, O.S.B., were immediately responsible for Brother Marion's decision to come to St. Meinrad. These two members of the monastic community from St. Meinrad were visiting at various grade and high schools for vocations to the lay brotherhood. Brother Marion made his decision in March 1943 and came to St. Meinrad the following September.

So far Brother Marion is a specialist, for ever since the day of his simple profession three years ago he has been sacristan for the abbey church. But there is no danger of his ever developing a one-track mind, for his work demands of him an unusual versatility, mas-



Brother Herman Zwerger, O.S.B.

tery of much detail, and constant alertness.

To begin with he starts his day heroically by rising at 3:15 A.M. to unlock the abbey church, to turn on the lights in church, and the prepare the cruets of water and wine for the many private Masses. At present about sixty priests offer Mass daily at the abbey; in addition to this there is always a daily community High Mass to prepare for. There are the bells to be rung for Matins at 3:45 in the morning, for Prime at six o'clock, for the office of Tierce and the conventual High Mass, and for the offices of None, and Vespers.

At present there are thirty-six altars available for the priests to celebrate Mass, ten altars in the Abbey Church, six in the crypt under the Abbey Church, thirteen in the Apostles' Chapel in the basement of the monastery, one altar in the major Seminary chapel, two altars each in the college chapel and the chapel at St. Placid Hall, and one altar in Our Lady's chapel at Monte Cassino about a mile away from the abbey. Of course, Brother Marion has assistance in taking care of all of these altars and in cleaning the abbey church and the choir stalls. He admitted that the hardest times of the year for the sacristan are the days of Holy Week and the time of Ordinations because the services are so long, and so many things have to be prepared. Brother Marion's fidelity as a sacristan is a living example of that first principle of the Benedictine Rule—"Let nothing be preferred to the Work of God."

#### Coming and Going

Most of our Fathers who are studying at universities came home for the Christmas holidays. From the Catholic University, Washington, D.C. came Fathers Fabian, Kenneth and Simeon. Fr. Donald, who is studying art in Chicago, appeared among us long enough to have a serious car accident Christmas Eve. Whatever injuries he sustained did not keep him from appearing in choir and recreation wearing a neat plaster on his forehead. The car involved in the acci-



Brother Marion Brokamp, O.S.B.

dent will not, however, put in a public appearance at all. The smiling philosopher, Fr. Basil, came home for Christmas too. He is studying for his doctorate in philosophy at Notre Dame University. All the students left for Christmas vacation December 22 except one, Rodrigo Esquivel, a seminarian from Costa Rica, C.A. Most of the Fathers who were assigned to parishes for Christmas mission work were home again by Sunday evening Dec. 26th. During the holidays our Brother Bartholomew, a native of County Kerry, Ireland, relinquished his faithful work in the vineyard and his infirmarian duties to occupy a hospital bed at St. Joseph Infirmary, Louisville, Ky. He is still a very sick man at this date January 16. Our Father Christopher underwent surgery Dec. 23rd at St. Joseph Infirmary. Both he and Fr. Chrysostom, who was in Louisville for medical observation, were back in the family circle by January 4th. On the eve of Epiphany, January 6th, Archbishop Ritter of St. Louis arrived in time to celebrate the First Vespers of the feast. He was our guest until Friday morning January 7th. The evening of January 7th the community enjoyed a lecture from visiting Bishop Arkfeld, S.V.D. One of Bishop Arkfeld's opening remarks was "I am planning to write

a best seller entitled "How to Become a Bishop in Five years." Bishop Arkfeld is a youngster of 35 having been ordained a priest only five years ago. Tuesday evening January 11th Father Paschal Boland, O.S.B. managing editor of *THE GRAIL*, gave a lecture on his recent experiences at Fatima Portugal, to the oblates of St. Benedict in New York City; on his return from New York he stopped over at Immaculata Junior College, Washington, D.C., and addressed the students there.

#### Christmas in the Monastery

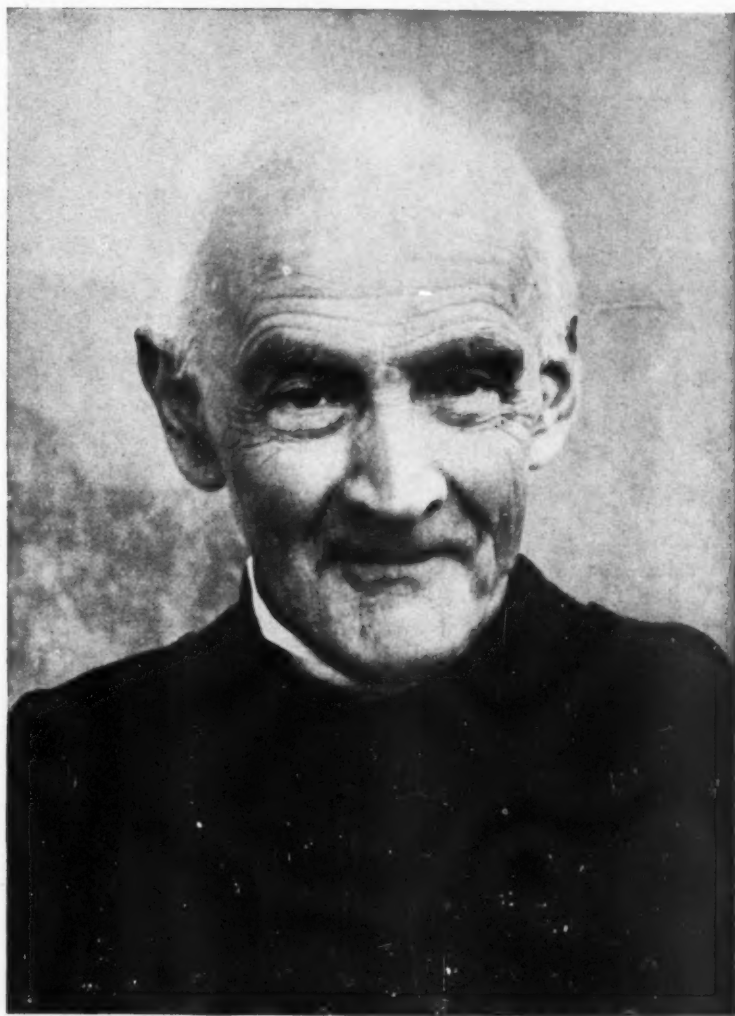
Liturgically a feast day of the Church begins with Vespers, the afternoon office sung in the monastic choir on the eve of the feast itself. Accordingly Christmas was ushered in with the beautiful antiphon of the first vespers of Christmas: "Rex Pacificus magnificatus est..." The King of Peace Whom the whole earth desireth to see hath shown His greatness." Pontifical Vespers with Father Abbot as celebrant began at 4:45 P.M. Shortly after supper which was served at 5:30 P.M. the community retired for several hours of rest to be awakened at ten o'clock by the traditional carolers or "angels" who walked through the abbey corridors singing: "Gloria in Excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis." When all were assembled in the choir stalls the night office of Christmas Matins was solemnly sung. Meanwhile everything was in readiness for the midnight Pontifical High Mass which was broadcast through the courtesy of Station WHAS Louisville, Ky. The Pontifical Mass lasted until 1:15 A.M. Afterwards the dawn office of Lauds was solemnly sung, and the community retired about 2:15 A.M. until 5:40 A.M. After the Office of Prime at six o'clock and private Masses by the Fathers who were home, breakfast was served at seven o'clock. At 9:35 A.M. the community assembled in the abbey church again for a Solemn High Mass celebrated by Father Prior. The community then followed the regular order of the monastic day until bed time about nine o'clock Christmas night.

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*Brother Meinrad Eugster, O.S.B.*

Each month a novena of Masses is offered at St. Meinrad's Abbey, from the 15th to the 23rd, for the beatification of Brother Meinrad and for the intentions sent in by our readers. Address all petitions to THE GRAIL, St. Meinrad, Indiana. A copy of the picture of Brother Meinrad, the same size as printed on this page, may be had for ten cents.



## The Children of Fatima Club

- Do YOU want to help Our Blessed Mother who, I am sure, has often helped you?
  - Has Our Blessed Mother's appearance at Fatima meant anything to you?
- IF your answer is YES, then please read the rest of this announcement. If not, then read it anyway, for you might change your mind.

For some years I have been trying to further the spreading of Our Blessed Mother's message that she gave to the three little children at Fatima. But since my pilgrimage to the Shrine at Fatima itself I feel that I should do more.

One man alone is not as powerful as an army of men in many cases. And in order to spread the word of Our Blessed Mother at Fatima an army is needed. You will not be drafted. If you would join this army you must volunteer.

We are calling this army a Club, The Children of Fatima Club. We are naming it after the children of Fatima: Lucia, Jacinta, and Francisco. Francisco is dead. Jacinta is dead. So if you are a man or a boy you can carry on for Francisco. If you are a woman or a girl, then carry on for Jacinta. Lucia still lives and does what she can to further the task our Lady imposed on her.

Who can become members? Anyone who can and will fulfill these simple duties:

- 1) Daily recitation (5 decades) of the Rosary.
- 2) Often to pray and to make sacrifices as the opportunity arises for the conversion of sinners, having first amended your own life by avoiding all mortal sins.
- 3) To make the First Saturday of Reparation each month if possible.
- 4) To get others to join this Club.

These duties do not bind under sin, but it is understood that one will do them to the best of one's ability.

You can do the things mentioned above. Our Lady wants YOU to. Do not put Our Blessed Mother off. Send in your application for membership today.

Sincerely yours in Jesus and Mary,

*Dr. Paschal, O.S.B.*

Reverend Paschal Boland, O.S.B.  
St. Meinrad, Indiana

